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THE TRAIL OF THE HUNS

By
F. J. MORTIMER, F.R.P.S.
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PHOTOGRAMS OF THE YEAR 1916

THE ANNUAL REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S
PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK

EDITED BY

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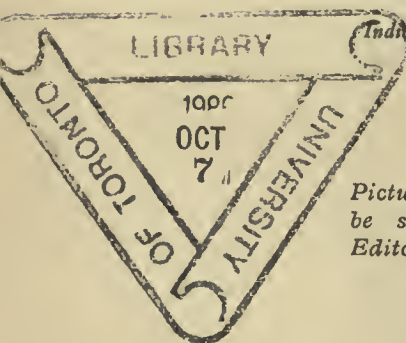
FOR twenty-two consecutive years this Annual has been published to give, without bias, a true index of the trend and progress of pictorial photography throughout the civilised world. For the past three years, unfortunately, it has been produced under the war cloud that overhangs Europe, and it may well be asked, therefore, to what extent the world cataclysm has affected the output and character of contemporary pictorial art with the camera. An inspection of the reproductions in this volume, and the articles concerning them, will supply the answer.

While we are a nation at war, it would be a bad outlook for the future if everything else became entirely obliterated by the obsession of warfare. It would tend to destroy that balance of mind that has served the nation so well in the present struggle. The presence and reminder of a habit or hobby that stands for all that peace meant in the past has both a soothing and revivifying effect, one to restore confidence for the future. We would also call to mind that a knowledge of photography has proved of inestimable value in the present war. Hundreds of amateur photographers have been able to devote their knowledge of photography to work of the greatest usefulness in furthering our own and the Allies' cause. Its pursuit can therefore be looked on, in some measure, as of national importance.

The number of pictures, both from this country and abroad, sent to us for selection for "Photograms of the Year" has on this occasion far exceeded that of the preceding two years. This fact speaks for itself, and we have to express our regrets to a still larger circle of friends this year than on previous occasions, that lack of space alone has in a great many instances prevented the inclusion of their contributions. Our thanks to these workers are nevertheless in no way less cordial than to those whose work we have been able to reproduce.

Indices to pictures and authors, etc., will be found on pages 7-9-11-13-15-17, at end of the book.

Pictures intended for "Photograms of the Year," 1917, should be submitted not later than August 31st. Address: The Editor, "Photograms of the Year," 52, Long Acre, London, W.C.



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1916

THE YEAR'S WORK

By THE EDITOR



IN these times of national stress it might be reasonably expected that activity with the camera in the domain of picture-making would receive a check, yet beyond a considerable diminution in the ranks of those practising it—amateur photographers having responded to their country's call as readily and in as large numbers as any other section of the community—picture-making by photography appears to have gone on as steadily as ever in spite of restrictions in certain quarters.

It must be admitted that pictorial contributions from the countries of our Allies—France, Russia and Italy—have been comparatively small, due possibly to the fact that the fighting is on or over the actual borders of these countries; whereas in Great Britain and the Colonies, so far spared from invasion, the business of photography, although severely hit in many quarters, has continued imperturbably in a manner characteristic of much that has accompanied the progress of our conduct of the war. Much the same can be said of our Far Eastern Ally, Japan. The neutral countries, however, particularly America, have produced far more than in previous years; so that on the whole we may say that the total output (leaving out, of course, work in enemy countries, of which we have little or no knowledge) has been above the average in quantity and extraordinarily good in quality.

The exhibitions of the Royal Photographic Society and the London Salon of Photography in the autumn have demonstrated this fact very clearly, the latter show in particular receiving more than twice the number of entries submitted in either of the previous exhibitions held during the war, while the standard of the exhibition and the attention it attracted probably exceeded any previous record.

It may be assumed from this that sincere followers of the photographic habit, those to whom the camera has become a real companion to the same extent that the pencil or brush is with the artist, have found the pursuit of photography has had a sympathetically comforting and quieting effect upon minds which might otherwise have been considerably disturbed by the trend of affairs during the critical periods through which we have been passing.

Mention was made above to restrictions apt to impede the progress of the work of the pictorial photographer. These restrictions have, during the past year,

become more severe, a greater number of districts have been proclaimed prohibited areas, and in many parts of the country the mere carrying of a camera has been sufficient to cause the arrest of the owner. The effect of this has been largely to direct the attention of the keen lovers of pictorial photography to work that obviously did not fall foul of the authorities. Hence the very large proportion of portraits and figure studies which have been submitted to us and which have been seen in the exhibitions; while the number of landscapes and purely outdoor subjects has been very much smaller than usual. Seascapes and coast scenes have been conspicuous by their absence to a great extent. These remarks do not apply to the work submitted from neutral countries, where the whole range of pictorial subjects is still available for all and sundry.

Photographic societies have suffered, being the loosest element in photographic life; but even here there has been an unexpected steadiness, and a reference to the work done will be made later. Photographic journalism—and the journals are always an index to the state of a trade or profession or amateur pursuit—has continued to flourish. The professional photographer has seen a great increase in his patrons, while the volume of Press photography has been such as to overwhelm any future compiler of an illustrated history of the war.

During the year numerous exhibitions of pictorial work have been held in London, apart from the shows of the Salon and the Royal Photographic Society. The Camera Club (17, John Street, Adelphi) in particular has proved a centre of activity, and has become a well-recognised institution. Its new President, the Earl of Carnarvon, has infused still greater keenness into the members, and its record for the year can be counted an extremely successful one. Its house exhibitions have included one-man shows by J. H. Anderson (oil transfers), F. C. Tilney (oil paintings), W. Thomas (pictorial photography), E. T. Holding (water-colours), Lord Carnarvon (pictorial figure work), J. B. B. Wellington (pictorial landscape and figure work), Hugh Cecil (camera portraits), H. J. Pearson (paintings and sketches), and two members' exhibitions.

At the Royal Photographic Society (35, Russell Square, W.C.) two house exhibitions have been held; one by F. Martin Duncan (marine biology), and one of prints by the Affiliated Societies.

At the "Little Gallery" of *The Amateur Photographer*, 52, Long Acre, W.C., an exhibition of prize-winning pictures from the Weekly Competitions was held in the spring, and an exhibition of pictorial photography by Colonial workers in the summer. At the time of going to press with this Annual, an exhibition of pictorial work by H. B. Goodwin, of Stockholm, is in preparation.

The exhibition of Colonial pictorial photography referred to in the preceding paragraph included work from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, South Africa, and other parts of the world where the British flag flies. The work from Australia, in particular, conveyed the emphatic stamp of national character, and pictures by members of the Photographic Society of New South Wales, the Pictorial Photographic Workers' Society of Melbourne, and the Adelaide Camera Club, were both excellent in quality and numerous in quantity. We look forward to great things from the Commonwealth, which undoubtedly contains a great number of pictorial workers of the front rank, and we are glad that the The A. P. Colonial Exhibition has been the means of exhibiting many of their works

in London. Several of the pictures from this exhibition were subsequently hung at the London Salon, and are reproduced in the following pages.

As regards pictorial work from Canada, not so much has been received, but at the same time we understand that a fair amount of progress is being made. The Montreal Amateur Athletic Association Camera Club were well to the fore with a strong exhibition during the year, at which pictures from many parts of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain were shown. It proved a great success.

In India strong efforts have been made by Mr. Gascoigne Lynde, Editor of the Journal of the Photographic Society of India, to strengthen still further the position of photographic matters. That his endeavours are meeting with success is evidenced by the excellence of his periodical, and the work collected by him and sent over to the Colonial Exhibition.

The London Salon of Photography (Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 5a, Pall Mall East, S.W.), as mentioned before, proved a success far in excess of any previous show. Entries of pictures, attendances of visitors, and sales of pictures easily beat all records for the past three years, and the standard of the show did much to increase its already high prestige. As a result of the exhibition, a handsome sum of money was again handed over to the British Red Cross Society.

At the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society (Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, S.W.) the standard was also higher than usual, and the technical and scientific sections were very well supported. The custom of giving medals in the pictorial section was revived on this occasion.

Many of the best pictures from both the Salon and R. P. S. Exhibition will be found reproduced in the following pages, and a review is given by Mr. W. R. Bland.

Photographic pictures dealing directly with the war have, as we predicted would possibly be the case, been rare—that is, so far as the ordinary amateur or professional photographer is concerned. But, on the other hand, certain collections of duly accredited war pictures, taken under what may be regarded as official conditions and passed by the authorities in this country for publication, have appeared in fair number. One such collection of pictures, produced by British photographers, of incidents of the war on land and sea, was got together and exhibited at the Louvre, Paris, during the summer. This collection has since been sent to America for exhibition in various centres there. Whether it will ever be shown in this country remains to be seen.*

A similar collection of pictures produced under the ægis of the French military authorities, the negatives being made by members of the Section Photographique de l'Armée Française, was exhibited at Messrs. Waring and Gillow's galleries in Oxford Street, London, in August. These pictures revealed the Frenchman, as ever, a seeker after pictorialism even amid the alarms of war.

* A number of marine pictures by the Editor were specially invited for this collection. One of them, "The Trail of the Huns," is reproduced as the frontispiece to the present volume.

The eerie effect of a view through a battlement in a trench across snow-covered ground ; the fantastic lace-work of the ruins of Arras ; the silhouette of marching artillery over the hills of the Meuse in the sunset ; offered opportunities for pictorial treatment which have proved irresistible. The genius of the French eye for discovering alike the bizarre and the beautiful triumphed over the mere necessity for getting official records.

So far the only parallel exhibition in London of photographs taken in the British sector of the war front, has been the wonderful display of Canadian official war photographs shown during November and December at the Grafton Galleries, New Bond Street. Some remarkable pictorial effects were included, but these pictures were above all matter-of-fact records of incidents of the war with which the Canadian heroes were more intimately concerned, and as such were in a distinctly higher grade than the mere snapshot, as for the most part they showed a deliberate intention to secure a lasting impression of conditions which, it may be hoped, will never be seen again on this earth. As a dramatic display it placed the power of the camera in a position it has probably never before occupied. In this case the photographs took the form of a series of splendid enlargements, sometimes on a gigantic scale, which brought home to the spectator the real vigour, action, and, in most instances, desolation of the war area. If in time to come all the official photographs taken by the Allies on their respective fronts can be collected and published, it will be a great feather in the cap of photography as an accurate recorder of historic facts.

We indicated in the previous volume of "Photograms of the Year" the part photography is playing in the war, apart from its power to produce pictorial records of events as they happen, and in no way has its utility and progress waned. The use of photography in reconnaissance made by the Army is very considerable, and we owe a great deal to the section of the Royal Flying Corps which has systematised in so able a manner during the last two years the production of photographs from aeroplanes, observation balloons, and so on. This systematising has been accomplished by an able co-ordination of appliances, materials, and methods, and when the time comes photographers will hear with great interest of what has been accomplished. The recent production on a large scale of "Official War Photographs," which are obtainable in postcard form, is another interesting development, and there is now every probability that ample photographic records are being stored up, and will be available in many ways when hostilities are terminated. Many of these photographs have obviously been taken under circumstances which have exposed the photographers to risks equal to or greater than those of the combatants.

In the presidential address delivered before the Royal Photographic Society in November, Mr. John H. Gear dealt with "The Influence of Photography in the War," and he commented on the fact that without photography and the aid it has given to the staffs the German lines on the Western front would possibly have been found to be impregnable. As it is, highly important strategic information is being supplied almost hourly along hundreds of miles of line by means of the camera.

Another phase of camera work that cannot in times like the present be passed over without comment is that devoted to record and survey, and it is

gratifying that many pictorial workers are devoting much of their camera skill to this end. Belgium, with its devastated countryside and ruined towns and villages, furnishes an eloquent object-lesson illustrating the importance of photographic record work. Many an ancient building, standing a year or two ago in all the glory of its historical associations, has been ruthlessly razed to the ground. The blighting hand of war has not been discriminative; the humble cottage, charming in its simplicity, and the sacred edifice, dignified and magnificent, have suffered a like fate. We have no hesitation in believing that many of these buildings, tangible enough before the advance of the invader, now live, not in reality, but only in the pictorial records made of them by the camera.

Last year we referred to the good work done by the "Snapshots-from-Home" League. We can hardly think there are many photographers to-day who have not heard of it, and who are unaware of the good work that is being done to hearten our brave soldiers and sailors with photographs of their loved ones at home. Amateur photographers in all parts of the country have responded readily to the appeal of the Y.M.C.A., the originators of the scheme, and, quite apart from the real intrinsic merit of the idea, every camera owner who assists the endeavours of the Y.M.C.A. can rest assured he is working in a good cause. The fine record of this organisation during the war will redound to its credit for ever. To supply an unlimited number of photographs of the wives and relatives of the fighting men at the front is the least the amateurs of this country and the Colonies can do. The demand for the prints is ever on the increase as the British army grows larger. From the London Central Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.C., lists of addresses in the photographer's own neighbourhood can be obtained where the relatives of Tommy or Jack reside.

Among provincial societies in Great Britain very few open exhibitions have been held. On the other hand, members' shows have been on the increase, and practically every society with a club-room at its disposal has held an exhibition of the pictorial output of its members. This speaks well for local activity and vitality, especially as in many recorded instances these exhibitions have been singularly good. In Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, as well as in England, the societies have done their utmost to keep things going, and regular meetings of members have been held according to the syllabus published by each. Circulating portfolios, too, have had their influence in keeping interest alive, and the Federations have done well in this respect.

The Scottish Salon was not held in 1916, but hopes for the future are as keen as ever among the stalwarts who manage its affairs.

Of the societies who have kept going strongly so far as the encouragement of pictorial effort is concerned, the Hampshire House Photographic Society, of Hammersmith, has proved itself possessed of praiseworthy energy throughout the trying times of the past two years. In addition to regular meetings, it has held frequent house exhibitions of invited work of great interest. Notable among these was one, in the autumn, of pictures by "Old Masters of Photography," including some of the finest examples of the camera pictures of D. O. Hill, Mrs. Cameron, Thomas Keith, and "Lewis Carroll." The prints were made in most cases from the original paper negatives by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, and they demonstrate once more, not only the remarkable excellence of the pictorial outlook of the

"primitives," but also that progress along the particular paths indicated by these early workers has not been very marked since their time.

In this respect, leaving out all considerations of the utilitarian aspect of photography and the incidence of the war, the *changes* in pictorial work with the camera, as distinct from *progress*, may be likened to the development of the Japanese colour print as a medium of expression. We recall a writer on this subject—Mr. Davison Ficke—who drew the parallel that the transition from primitive to sophisticated art is very like the progression of a race from its heroic youth to its elaborately gifted maturity. Life grows more complex, the material riches and the machinery of living become more diversified; but it is still to the early days that one looks for the strongest development of personality and the most daring achievement in the face of great difficulties. Sophistication in the history of an art brings refinements and nuances unknown to the pioneers, but it cannot intensify, and may often encumber, the spiritual force and essential genius of its creators. The great individual of the earlier periods generally develops all that is essential. The later enlargement of scope is in the direction of the material, the accidental, or the bizarre.

On a previous occasion we ventured to opine that pictorial photography, more particularly in its treatment of the figure and the portrait, had not advanced a great deal, despite statements to the contrary. The work of the "primitives" referred to above proves more clearly than many folios of writing that the assumption was a fairly correct one; that the camera is merely the tool, and although workers of high repute to-day may produce fine pictures and novel compositions, they are only telling the same story differently, with personal embellishments. It is none the worse for this, but it does not necessarily mean progress. It demonstrates that really good art is good at all times, no matter whether the instrument for expressing it is the pencil, the brush, the graver, the chisel, the violin, the piano, the pen, or the camera. The real test of its quality is in the individual using the instrument—in other words, the artist.

There are many points of contact among the several arts, which go to show that all are akin. For example, in literature, poetry, and painting, also in photography, it is neither good art nor good craft to tell the whole story to the finish and leave nothing to the imagination. The master-mind and master-hand work in subtle harmony, softening, subduing, suppressing here, strengthening, vigorously drawing and emphasising there. The art comes in by reason, not so much of what is said or shown, but of what the reader or spectator is led to think he has heard or seen. Success is not so much a matter of the how and the why of what is said or done, but of the result obtained, the impression conveyed, and memories stimulated or revived.

The war has proved, however, beyond argument, that when mankind comes to grips, men—and what is euphemistically termed "human nature"—are much the same now as they were two thousand or more years ago. The civilisation built up during that period may be resolved largely into an increasing understanding, particularly in more recent times, of mechanical science, medicine and sanitation, with the concomitant phases of an artificially polite society that follow their development.

Art has been said to be the barometer of national temperament. The

Germans have proved that, with their mechanical and scientific obsessions—which they describe as “Kultur”—their moral character has sunk lower and lower. Their overbearing and animal tendencies have inevitably found expression in their art.

Following the same line of thought, one may well ask whither the art of some of the self-styled “Futurists” may lead us, and what it indicates—if it is truly an expression of the artist's outlook? If so, then save us from a distorted and repulsive world of black skies and red grass, inhabited by three-legged people with green faces and puce hair, evolved from their inner consciousness as appropriate renderings of nature. These parodies are a direct challenge to the Creator. Nature is infinite in her variations of moods, which are mostly beautiful, occasionally terrible, but never offensive. Her attractions are manifold and inexhaustible. Departures by her children from her broad bosom are likely to be as fleeting as the productions of those who wander are ephemeral.

Abstract ideas, apart from representations of concrete things, may, however, be excusably included in legitimate work for the imaginative artist who cares to experiment. It has been said that “Art is largely an experimental science.” This sounds like a contradiction, but, like other apothegms, its true meaning is not entirely on the surface. Doubtless the author of this saying intended us to understand that in art, as in science, we must verify our thoughts by putting them to the test of experiment. But we hope, for the sake of art generally, and the future of pictorial photography in particular, that the experimenters will be sincere. In the hands of the charlatan irreparable damage may be done.

If it is possible, therefore, to dissociate ourselves for a moment from the nightmare of the war, and regard the future in its true perspective, we may see photography reaching a maturity that will depend still more on the vision of the photographer, and probably along lines of new thought that the great upheaval will bring in its train. That the present will leave its mark indelibly on the future of pictorial work there can be no doubt, but the outcome will not, we think, take the course indicated by a ponderous critic recently, who, after pointing out that, to the large masses of the people, art was merely a means of recording and emphasising sentimentalism, which came into being as a means of softening down the realities of life, added the hope that “this mistaken conception, fostered by a subservient race of illustrators and photographers,” would be “reduced by the stern realities of to-day.” But the war has made us more inveterate sentimentalists than ever, and if even we members of a subsidiary race can soften down any of its awful realities, or catch and interpret the gleams among its shadows, or register the transition of a people from the frivolous to the heroic, it is surely not a ministry to be spurned.

OBSERVATIONS ON SOME PICTURES OF THE YEAR

By W. R. BLAND



IT has become an axiom that there is a general levelling-up in the works of exhibiting photographers, the underlying meaning being that a certain stage may be reached in photography beyond which no advance can be made, that earnest workers "level-up" to it, and that here everybody stops. We meet with an expression of this levelling-up view almost every time the two great exhibitions are open. It is a view I do not share, nor do I think it will stand scrutiny. It is one of the many popular fallacies. So long as the Photographic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, now the Royal Photographic Society, continued on its old lines of technical considerations paramount, absolute definition everywhere, and so on, the goal was not particularly difficult to attain, except with regard to the then *Ultima Thule*, the using of many negatives combined on one print. Later, the conception of that which constituted technique in pictorial work changed radically. The heretofore accepted standard, that photographs must, in effect, be advertisements of lens, negative, and printing paper, was given up—surely it must be for ever, and the greatest advance by far in pictorial work was made. Personal interpretation became now the goal, and remains so, and this itself is the bar to a general levelling-up.

It is interesting to turn back to pages 3 and 4 of last year's volume, and read at this juncture the Editor's outlook on the prospects, photographically, of 1916. His summing-up has proved to be a remarkably true forecast: "We are therefore forced to the conclusion that we will have to wait until the war is over before its true effect as an inspiration for picture-making occurs." This has proved to be so. After two years of war hardly any evidence whatever of it has appeared at the exhibitions—hardly even Khaki portraits.

From the pictures to the frames is a very short step. Regrets were expressed fairly often, a few years ago, on the effect of the heavy, dingy frames then in use. When hanging an exhibition, the prints on light-coloured mounts were so few that they had either to be grouped, or hung in strips to form divisions. In the exhibitions of to-day an advance "backwards" has been made, and prints are shown on light-coloured or white mounts as of yore. The general effect is cheerful and pleasing, there seems to the visitor to be more air to breathe and less cause for exhibition headache, while the merits of almost all the exhibits are enhanced. It is difficult to think that this method may be relinquished in the future; if it is, it will be from no other reason than that of the deathless desire of the human mind for change.

To revert to the levelling-up. In this volume are reproductions of distinctive

pictures carefully and sincerely selected by the Editor from among many thousands which have been brought before him this year as representative of the year's work, and they give a fair idea of the present position of pictorial photography. Our host's accommodation is limited, but with a courteous and catholic welcome he devotes his rooms, his space, as freely to foreigners as to his own countrymen. This has always been his guiding principle, and we at home are the gainers. If it be acknowledged that the collection is of outstanding merit, the present-day goal is herein depicted. It will not remain the goal. For example, within comparatively few years we have seen the conception of the pictorial character of sea pictures enhanced almost out of recognition by the work of F. J. Mortimer, who, in addition to quite new ideas of rendering physical features, has embodied the priceless virtues of feeling and mood. True, before this we had had striking pictures of stormy seas and wave-dashed rocky coasts, but they were mainly spectacular. There is always to be remembered the notable exception of C. F. Inston's "Whence and Whither?" reproduced in "Photograms of the Year 1900," p. 173, which was, probably, the pioneer of the intimate personal feeling in sea pictures.

Unexpectedly enough, the field which now responded to the new æsthetic movement was that stand-by of photographers—the one thing of which we thought we knew everything—architecture. Possibly the first evidence of the break-away from convention was Frederick H. Evans's "Lincoln Cathedral," a stairway in a turret, exhibited at the Photographic Salon (see 1895 volume, p. 37). Its message was so lovingly, retiringly given, that the high recognition accorded to it by artists was, somehow, lost among the general body of photographers, and medals continued to be given to works which, though beautiful in technical qualities, were not more than an architect's record—a map. Mr. Evans gave us all the technical qualities, but united with them artistic reticence and expression. It has since come into its own. Its rendering of simple light and form as the principal motives is repeated, but with more ornate material, in "A Woodland Temple" (Plate LIV.), by T. H. B. Scott. It is not a temple so much as an insight into the poetry of light and shadow. It has the romantic touch. J. N. Doolittle's "North Portal, University Library" (Plate L.) is from an interesting point of view, which gives imposing largeness and varied lines, together with softly rendered sunshine and luminous shadows. Whether the lady's figure be an embellishment or not may be left to the spectator. It might almost seem that, instead of giving scale to the building, it only shows how insignificant a mere human may be amid such surroundings. It will be observed, in the various pictures of architecture in this volume, that each artist has endeavoured to express himself by the beauty of light and shadow as the governing theme. It is that, and nothing else, in "God's Light" (Plate XLVIII.), by S. Brigden, in which contrast is given by deep shadows in the foreground. It is singularly free from the usual cross-lighting of church interiors.

Photographs of outdoor scenes at night, artificially lighted, are often glaring in the lights, and blank, or nearly so, in the shadows. A really fine thing in this line is Ture Sellman's "At the Art Hall" (Plate VI.). The lighting is exquisitely soft and the shadows very far from empty. By some magic Mr. Sellman includes three of the actual lights. He has not hidden them behind the pillars as most of us do, and he shows them luminously. An equally good effect, but more important in subject, is "The Guardian" (Plate LII.), by W. H. Rabe. All these pictures have been conceived in the romantic spirit.

At this great period in our history, it is well to be shown by H. C. Torrance, in "Bessemer Converters" (Plate XXXIX.), a scene the like of which is being enacted to-day over the length and breadth of our country, but no such photography is permitted here except for official purposes. "A Street in Falaise" (Plate III.), by J. H. Anderson, is architectural, with the lights and shadows as in an interior. There are tone and gradation everywhere, and the luminosity of the shadows on the left repay examination. It is interesting to compare the treatment of the lights with that of those in Robert Demachy's "A Normandy Town" (Plate XVII.). It must be kept very carefully in mind that these two pictures, while photographic, are far from being by like methods. Both start from much the same depth of shadow, but M. Demachy stops sooner in the high lights than does Mr. Anderson, and this point merits earnest study. I think it will be agreed that greater harmony is secured by keeping the high lights "on the curb." This print will rank among M. Demachy's best, which is saying much. I have before recalled the informed appreciation of Frederick H. Evans's work. I have seen pictures of his which I prefer to "Durham Cathedral—Aisle and Font" (Plate XII.). It is simple and direct, masterly in selection as always, but do the light and shadow on the left side disengage throughout?

"The Taj Mahal: Dawn" (Plate XXI.), by Gascoigne Lynde, shows the higher end of the tonal scheme kept well in hand, which gives atmosphere and unity in this well-composed and beautiful subject. Pleasing and romantic is Conde de la Ventosa's "Porte de San Pedro" (Plate XIV.). The sun-flecked steps and deep shadow beyond give piquancy.

Among the masters of the romantic in photography Alex. Keighley has a leading place. He has quite settled down in this mood, whether his scenes be of home or abroad. "The Witches' Cauldron" (Plate XLI.) has poetry of tone and subject. The one object out of tone is the cauldron, which is "deep" and daring on Mr. Keighley's part and—emphatically right! Therefore, it is not out of dramatic tone! J. M. Whitehead is another master of the romantic. Since he relinquished the quest of still life, his subjects, as perhaps even were those, are always nature seen through a temperament. "An Old Mill" (Plate XIII.) is another testimony to his reverence for the witching half-lights of evening, the tenderest hour of all light. Feeling is shown by the placing of the old mill, not in front of the highest light, but of the dark cloud. The sky, so great a charm in all Mr. Whitehead's work, is not so convincing in Rudolf Bickemeyer, Junr.'s, "Close of an Autumn Day" (Plate XXVII.). The picture is of distinctive decorative design, imposing, and one can see that the artist felt his theme. "The Pool" (Plate LXIV.) is a pleasant and strong design by C. J. Merfield. The trees in "Bending to the Blast" (Plate XLIII.) give conclusive evidence to the fact, and their arrangement and disposition are proof, if any were needed, of W. H. Porterfield's seeing eye. Although the sky does not seem to set forth quite the true note, this is one of the pictures of the year. Norman C. Deck's "Timber Country in Mist" (Plate LX.) is a beautiful transcript of nature that indicates a temperament on the part of the author that is entirely in sympathy with the subject.

The subjective is always with us—pictures would scarcely be needed if it were not—and those who feel the mood in Charles Job's "Solitude" (Plate XLV.) will

appreciate its charms. There are personality and mood every time in A. H. Blake's work. How different is "Sunlight in a London Square" (Plate XIII.) from the F/32 and F/64 traditions in which some of us were brought up! Its softened definition where desirable, and its vestment of sunlit atmosphere, would have caused it to be looked on with doubt at one time. It is romance of a London square. K. Matura has been caught by a scene in Japan as like as two peas in treatment, and practically so in subject, to Mr. Blake's. It is entitled "With Gently Growing Gleam" (Plate XXVI.). This coincidence between two ends of the earth is remarkable!

Across the sublimely treacherous Eastern sea, we are at Shanghai—"Feast of Lanterns, Full Moon" (Plate XXXI.), by F. E. Hodges. In the place of typhoons we have a gloaming effect and a tender, luminous sky. The lanterns are luminous. "A Glimpse" (Plate XXII.), by Eng.-Commr. E. J. Mowlam, R.N., is realism with a sky in true tone. "Not hesitating to fly in every kind of weather, they have remained undaunted throughout" (Plate XXXIX.), is surely a fitting epitaph for the memory of these men who, together with those in the trenches and everywhere else, risk their lives every moment for us. Colin Campbell's arresting picture is an inferno of light and dark and clouds. Here all accepted canons go by the board. The very spirit of the scene demands the dramatic, nay, even the theatrical. "An Arizona Landscape" (Plate LXVI.), by Forman Hanna, is on similar lines to the last named, but it has not the same justification for its expression. One may, indeed, go quite wrong in estimating this rendering of sky and clouds in Arizona as compared with phenomena we are familiar with here, as the critic did who condemned a picture of the Mediterranean as being too blue. Ivor Nordlund's "The Thunderstorm" (Plate XLIII.) has the strongest of contrasts brought about by the highest light in conjunction with the deepest dark, which is quite in order. The column of water, repeating the upright lines of the architectural background, and its delightful circles of light below, make a happy whole of Louis A. Goetz's "The Fountain" (Plate X.).

After specialising to good effect in gables and roofs, Hector Murchison is again at his best in "By the Lochside" (Plate XXV.) The limpidity and liquidity of the water invite one to stoop down and drink. I do not think the most inveterate purist will have any fault to find with the reflections in W. Thomas's æsthetic and delicate "In a West Coast Harbour" (Plate XV.). Ward Muir records a new view in "Lake District Landscape" (Plate XLVI.), one frankly utilitarian. It is a curious yet compelling arrangement of stone walls, the severity of which is redeemed by a beautiful bramble in the foreground. Mr. Ward Muir does not descend to the pretty and popular. The long entering wall may be taken as a tree trunk, the upper walls as its boughs and branches. It is a fanciful and ingenious composition and is based on the decorative. Alvin Langdon Coburn never settles down, and in one of his journeys of enterprise has discovered "Umbrellas" (Plate IX.). If it be looked at from a little distance an effective design is apparent. James McKissack has done more ambitious work than his simple essay, "The Stable Yard" (Plate XV.). He is an architect and artist, and this dream of domestic architecture would make an irresistible appeal to him. Of my own print, "Home Again" (Plate LXVII.), it will suffice to say that the officer is my son, Lieutenant William Parlby Bland. He was given a commission in Kitchener's army in March, 1915. The child is the youngest of his three sons.

The romantic may be shown in several different ways—the austere romantic, the realistically romantic, and so on to the idealistic, where there is no stopping-place. “Golden Light” (Plate XXVIII.), by Paul L. Anderson, is an idealised nude and landscape, delightful indeed. Of all things on earth, there is none which is so universally approached from the subjective point of view as the nude. People rarely see anything at all as it *is*, but as they *think* it is, from which standpoint come statements and arguments known as “reasoning” one with another. How hopeless, then, any agreement with respect to the nude! The pictures of the nude in this volume are of the nude. The dividing line between the nude and the naked is not to be determined, but it is there. “The little more, how much it is! The little less, how far away!” “At the Edge of the Wood” (Plate LXIV.), a truly decorative conception, shows a graceful and withal naturally posed nude, a dryad, by that versatile and accomplished worker, H. Mortimer-Lamb. Morgan Heiskell’s “Bona Dea” (Plate XXXVII.) is a beautiful nude that is obviously the work of an artist who has made the most of a charming arrangement.

“Melody of Morn” (Plate XXX.) is one of the most delightful pictures of its kind. Its author, W. S. White, makes no sort of chase after effect, for which very reason he achieves it. He relies on a simple statement of light and feature, and arrives at art.

Dancing is in force this year. Mrs. Charles S. Hayden’s “The Dance” (Plate XXVI.) is rendered in a way which our photographic press would describe as “contrasty,” an evil collection of letters either imported into this country or sprung up as a weed in the dark. Perhaps the block-maker has had trouble. There is much of merit in this picture. The quality of light and shadow and unity of rendering are noteworthy in “Dancing Nude” (Plate LIX.), by Edward H. Weston. The figure is supported by the background, and one is apt to dwell on that before realising its inherent ease. It is an object-lesson in blending foreground and background.

Truly emotional pictures of dancing are not numerous. One cannot go far wrong in assuming that the first of all worship was rendered to the sun. The sun meant crops, life. Early religions had their root in the utilitarian, and those beliefs have their force to-day. Deep down in all of us is primitive man. Woman is essentially primitive. The wonderfully portrayed figure in “Rose Dance of the South” (Plate LVI.), by Louis Fleckenstein, may emotionally be taken as that of one invoking the god, the sun. This impression is not one to be lightly passed over. In an article, “Emotions and the Camera,” by Mr. W. L. F. Wastell, in the R. P. S. “Photographic Journal,” August, 1906, is shown with real pathos the only offering the juggler (in “Le Jongleur de Paris”) can make to the Virgin Mother—his juggling. He is so desperately poor that he can offer nothing save his art, and that he gives from his inmost soul. We can imagine, if we have any poetry in us, that this dancing girl is giving of her utmost to her divinity, as the poor juggler offered of his utmost at the altar of the Virgin. We are now realising infinitely more than ever (which, perhaps, was not at all) the supreme importance of crops, and that crops are dependent on the sun. Face to face with elemental conditions, it was a matter of course that the sun was worshipped. We, ourselves, are beginning to know now, as they knew so well, that Nature is our mother. Hence Pan, Ceres (incidentally Mars), and other divinities of old. It is a tribute to Mr. Fleckenstein’s art that his picture should call up such associations. From a figure of pure abandon to

"Primavera and Beatrice" (Plate LI.), by Henry B. Goodwin, is a great stride—nature unrestrained to ordered pose. It has a pretty play of light. "Youth" (Plate LXI.), by J. Ortiz Echague, is a fine rendering of motion. The swish of the skirt of the girl on the left is wonderfully well caught.

Sentiment and consummate skill are shown in "Four Children in War-time" (Plate XLV.), by Carine Cadby. It would be mere sentimentalism to attempt any comparison between Mrs. Cadby's well-cared-for "Four Children" and the two "Picaninnies" (Plate XLIX.), by Jack C. Cato. R. Belfield's "A Study" (Plate IV.) is a back view of the nude in luxurious surroundings. The luscious dark and quality of the hair give telling emphasis. A grotesque but curiously life-like inspiration is Sherril Schell's contribution, "A Japanese Fantasy" (Plate VIII.). So, too, is Bertram Park's "Don't Worry" (Plate XX.), a small "monster" with a harmless if not even kind expression. There is great length of scale here, mellow and true. "Still-life Study" (Plate XLVII.), by Blanche C. Hungerford, is silvery grey, unusual in subject, quiet and pleasant.

Quite out of the ordinary is "Designer and Design" (Plate LV.), by Imogen Cunningham Partridge. The head, bold as it is, is not strong enough to keep the eye from wandering all over the "design." Doubtless this is the author's intention. There is a line round the man's collar of halation, or any other name may be given at choice. What it really is does not matter; it is invaluable as a half-way house between a black and a white. There is a suggestion in Sigvart Werner's "Morning Dressing" (Plate LXIII.) of two separate figures who have no common interest, but its naturalness cannot be gainsaid. A common interest is evident in Mr. and Mrs. F. Weston's "The Game" (Plate LXII.), and as a group it is very good, but the darkness of the background on the left cuts out the man's profile too sharply. The two other figures have atmosphere around them. Truthful in tone, sweet and tender is "A Face of Memories and a Heart of Pain" (Plate LIV.) by H. Yahagi. An aspect of the land from whence come the engaging pictures of Japanese maidens in this volume is given in "The Snow-capped Temple" (Plate LVIII.) by S. Saba. It is exactly the kind of thing wanted in illustrating a book on Japan, and is a delightful essay in tones. The strong effect of lighting may not make for unity in "Nude Study" (Plate LIII.), by Koyo Ogawa, but it brings out pleasing curves and creeps round here and there. The shadow on the body just above the waist has a puzzling effect. Still another from our invaluable ally, Japan. C. Crowther has achieved a "big" portrait, well posed, of a remarkably handsome man, "Sir Rabindranath Tagore" (Plate XXXII.). Malcolm Arbuthnot is well known in almost all fields, and "Hanako" (Plate II.) has come to him from Japan. We may benefit by examining the general make-up of this picture, by which dignity and fitting simplicity are arrived at. "The Japanese Blind" (Plate XIX.) hails from New South Wales, where Harold Cazneaux was captivated by the living, radiant streaks of sunlight falling athwart the face of the little girl. When translated into unromantic shades of black and white, the charm is not so great, but it is still intensely attractive.

"An Oriental Beauty in the Northland" (Plate VII.) is a real achievement, and the artist, P. Pramm, is to be heartily congratulated not only on his sitter, but on his own exquisite workmanship. This, surely, is one of the brightest gems of the year. Hugh Cecil sees with his own eyes and is always stimulating; his work is never—I was going to add dull, but "dull" is not admissible; it is an unknown

word to Mr. Cecil, speak he never so many tongues. "Head of a Pierrette" (Plate XVIII.), while in a high key, runs through the whole gamut of tone. Strength and simplicity, very forceful, by the way, are distinctive of "Sacha" (Plate XXXVI) by Williamina Parrish. "Faces" (Plate V.) by Lucien Davernay, is spirited and original, and would come as a relief in a staid photographic exhibition. A design which would carry across the room and be hailed with delight by exhibition hangers is "Balance" (Plate XVI.) by that well-known worker, Mrs. Ambrose Ralli. Keith Dannatt's "Child Portrait Group" (Plate XL.) is typical of his thoughtful, refined style. Undoubtedly it must be voted charming and successful. A pair of water-babies are happy in "The Net" (Plate XXXVII.), by that veteran worker, J. B. B. Wellington, one who is continually breaking out in new ideas and subjects.

In "The Sisters" (Plate XLVII.), by Walter Rutherford, the two heads are on approximately the same scale. If this be due to Mr. Rutherford's use of a long-focus lens, he gives us an object lesson. It is easy to get the same scale for two heads when shown as in "Puckachee and Meetwe" (Plate LX.), by Elizabeth R. Allen. The tonal scheme is carried through consistently. Uno Falkengren's "My Models" (Plate LVIII.) are a most engaging pair, vivacious and strikingly alive. It has worthy artistic qualities.

We may dwell on the title "The Call of the Sea" (Plate XLII.), by Arthur F. Kales. What a world of fancy-free is presented to the maiden who sits aloft! There is romance in that space. The sea is lovely in romance; in aspects as our Editor perhaps alone among us knows it, it is a living, never-sleeping devil. Those who know the sea best look on it with awe. We will leave this maiden to her "call." A few years more for her, and the call of the sea may be forgotten in the call of "him!"

Mr. F. C. Tilney, in his recently published book "The Appeal of the Picture," written to aid art students and pictorial photographers, points out the importance in religious, shall I say "portraiture"? of symmetry. He puts his arguments clearly and cogently. They bear on Mrs. M. Pearson's "Mlle. Rambert as Virgin of the Intercession—Dona Nobis Pacem" (Plate XXIII.). The picture seems to lose a little in reverential effect by the "accident" of the head not being central. Cover up the required portion on the left and note the slight but completing increase of dignity.

Horace Jackson conquers the initial difficulty of a composition with a hole in the middle by the introduction of a cloud shape. I question whether "Emigrants" (Plate XXII.), in its naked, unabashed realism, notwithstanding the romantic character of its setting, be not a step backward in artistic expression. The emigrants who give the title to the picture are disposed and scattered about realistically and without accent, differing from Rejlander's and H. P. Robinson's method in dealing with so many figures, which was to give order and precedence. This picture in its multiplicity of figures is very reminiscent of Rejlander, one of whose most ambitious works, "Two Ways of Life," a wonderful *tour de force* in multiple combination printing, is, together with another (both copies printed by Mr. H. T. Malby), in the unique and unapproachable private collection of pictorial photographs, ranging through the whole history of photography, and persistently kept up to date, of Mr. Harold Holcroft, of Parkdale, Wolverhampton. Mr. Holcroft's governing idea throughout in forming this collection has been, and is, to have at least one

adequately representative print by every one who has consistently produced good work. In the catalogue of the collection Mr. Holcroft says, "It will give me pleasure to show the collection" (by appointment of course) "to anyone who may be interested."

There is more accent in "Procession au Village" (Plate XXIV.), by Dr. S. Bricarelli. The figures are also led up to in the foreground. Another picture of a similar subject, but differently arranged as regards light and shadow, is "Procession en Boulogne," by Perez Oliva (Plate LXI.). This fine group gives the effect of having been photographed in an interior.

E. T. Holding's "In the Studio" (Plate XXIV.) is a lady artist, dignified of feature and mien, strongly lighted, with all accessories duly subordinated. She is regarding something not shown to the spectator, thus escaping any divided interest. Mr. Holding's works are scholarly and of elegant design. Walter Benington's broadly treated "Louis Raemaekers" (Plate XXXIV.) is very strong yet primarily refined. It will enhance his well-deserved reputation.

Photographers, I believe, hold the opinion that a figure in a picture should always have more space in front of it than behind, particularly if action be suggested. If Alice Boughton had placed "Mme. Yvette Guilbert" (Plate LVII.) on the right of the space instead of on the left, the spectator would have felt no emotion; the path is plain and safe, but her insight is proved by so placing that a couple of steps will carry the figure into the outer darkness. A sense of mystery, an emotion is aroused. This is art. A pretty picture of childhood is "What's Up?" (Plate XXXVIII.), by Marcus Adams. The child is alert, but the texture of the skin is not bonny and smooth as a child's is. Mrs. Minna Keene, an old friend, shows good texture throughout in her engaging "A Little Canadian Girl" (Plate LXV.). Mrs. Barton, in "A Little Girl in a Large Hat" (Plate LXII.), gives us another somewhat familiar rendering of her fine portraits. A most exquisite child portrait, one quite beyond dispute, is "Undine" (Plate XXIX.), by Herbert Lambert. "L'Intimité" (Plate XXXV.) is sheer audacity and vim. If the artist, Richard Polak, placed the waiting slipper where it is it was a marvellous touch. Cover it with the finger-end and realise its importance to the finishing of the figure. I do not know whether I have been successful, but I have endeavoured to steer clear of art technicalities, for which in "The Appeal of the Picture" we are told the voracity of pictorial photographers is insatiable. We ought to be thankful to learn the truth from Mr. Tilney, a proved true friend. Anyway, I risk it, and describe "L'Intimité" as "stunning" in its audacity and vim. I do not see any other word for it.

Bruce Cameron is a "big" worker. If this be styled a mannerism, it is one a gift from the gods! It seems to be overdone in "Mrs. Jessie M. King Taylor" (Plate LXVI.), who is on a super scale as compared with the background. "Aziz" (Plate I.), by Angus Basil, is a gem—a statuesque figure and a quality which suggests rich colour. Delicacy carried almost to extremes is the signature of Will Cadby; "Bella and Her Mistress" (Plate XLIV.), so charmingly posed, may almost be blown away by a breath.

Dramatic expression is the keynote of the Earl of Carnarvon's "The Dust of Ages" (Plate XXXIII.). He felt it as artist, and gives form, contrast, and expression in a "big" landscape and a crowd of figures, which latter is also accented. The other picture in this collection with a crowd of figures, "Emigrants" (Plate XXII.),

has already been mentioned, and it will be found interesting to compare the two. The adage, "All work and no play," etc., seems to have actuated Filson Young in "Max Beerbohm, Esq.—with apologies to all concerned" (Plate XI.). We are thankful for a joke now and then, and this one accompanies a good portrait.

One field of portraiture entirely neglected is the uncompromising back view. It is worth thinking about. At the Pall Mall Exhibition of a few years ago was a collection of D. O. Hill's work, reproduced by J. Craig Annan. Hill's "Lady Ruthven," *circa* 1844-47, was one of the acknowledged successes. It is a back view only. We do not realise how expressive backs can be. A copy is in Mr. Harold Holcroft's collection.

F. J. Mortimer's real home is the sea. The sea is in his blood; it is his "intimate." Hence his succession of pictures revealing its very spirit. The realism in "The Trail of the Huns" (Frontispiece) of the lifting waves, of the vessel in distress, of the rescuers sends its message home to us. A feature introduced with inside knowledge is the group of men crowded together in the bows of the foreground boat—the foundation of the picture. Idle as these men are at the present moment, the last thing they would dream of would be to "put their oar in," out yon, "on their own." It is against the unwritten law. I know the type of man, have lived with it. Life at sea has taught them all the sea's one lesson, "self-reliance," and the men out by the vessel rely on themselves! But give these idlers the call, and see! It is all so true! Those who fondly imagine that seaside boatmen have an easy, irresponsible time, as these are having now, should go out with them at night in an open boat on a winter sea, seining, and find them heroes every one! This is the topical exhibition picture of the year.

The lasting qualities of a picture do not depend as much on subject or workmanship as on the power to stir imagination and excite emotion. Nearly every picture in this collection will be found, to one or another, to stand this test.

ESSENTIAL AIMS IN PHOTOGRAPHIC ART

By ANTONY GUEST



THE growth of art is slow; it is continually peering after new light, and every added gleam only lights a little of the way to another further on. But new points of view may develop rapidly from a changed outlook due to a mighty event that turns the currents of life and stirs the soul. Change must certainly come over art, in common with every other branch of human activity, after the war. We can never again be quite the same people as we were before the stormcloud burst, suddenly plunging an easy and careless community into a desperate struggle for life.

Photographers, however, are now developing the confident independence of maturity. They are passing out of tutelage, and while doubtless grateful for the guidance they have received, are not unaware of contradictory standpoints among the masters. Some adventurous camera-men have already taken lines of their own, and others may well conclude that they are in a position to consider the problems of the future for themselves. They cannot divorce themselves from the general tendencies of art, but it is well that they should study the character and direction of the coming change with a view to their own interests.

It cannot be divined in its entirety, but a few indications are plain. Chief among them is the obvious influence of the war in dispersing shams and superfluities. The world has been purged of a good deal of dross in passing through the fire, and has been brought face to face with realities previously obscured by thoughtless luxury, with its convenient conventions, varied by eccentricities of fashion. We shall take another start on surer ground, the way will be nearer to Nature, aims will be simpler, and what is deep and permanent will have more genuine and direct expression.

The arts will be quick to respond, as they always have responded to the temperamental changes of different times, for the arts are the most vital means of expressing the essence of contemporary emotions and mentality.

Recent German art reflects the national character with appropriate repulsiveness. I have just read a criticism of some exhibitions in Munich and Berlin. "What," asks the writer, "am I to say to these gross figures, with their endless length or their impossible shortness, with their limbs showing compound fractures, with their swollen abdomens and muscles, their grinning, disgusting, and untrue faces? The grossness and brutality of it all is clearly intentional. To this has German art sunk, to this ineffable baseness!"

The spirit of the coming time will be more genuinely idealistic, and this implies that the imaginative side of the arts will be more appreciated. We have seen what mere materialism has done for Germany, and it is not likely to be in favour. The merely realistic interpretation of the living world will not suffice, for truth will have been proved beyond question to consist of more than material facts. That such facts are worthless, unless shown by the light of an imagination that can perceive the intangible but powerfully modifying influences of the spirit, has been demonstrated to the eyes of all. Hence art will aim at a deeper motive, and photographers will not be satisfied with the superficial record, however skilfully presented. They will, if sensitive to the currents of the time—as one cannot doubt they will be—feel that there is something lacking in the mechanically perfect print, and the more this is felt the louder call will there be for increased scope for individual perception and expression.

The essential simplicity of the greater and enduring truths will be reflected, and all affected, insincere and superfluous ornamentation or detail will seem childish and absurd. Undoubtedly the new inspiration will find expression in the simple grandeur of Nature's larger effects, in masses that generalise details in significant tone, and in dominating lines, like the curves of mountains and sea-shore and the sweep of the waves, or impressive repetitions such as those of the vertical forms of pine-woods. But this does not imply neglect of exquisite shapes, for the greater manifestations are often an appropriate setting for Nature's jewels, whether they are Alpine blossoms contrasted with the peaks, or little children like fairies in the forest. Such contrasts have a meaning, for they convey a sense of the deeper harmony of Nature's scheme. So it is with all her contrasts.

Fortunately, photography offers unique opportunity for representing such delicate charms, and it should never be forgotten that while, in combination with their surroundings, they express the essential unity of the natural world, they also can give effect to a highly characteristic quality of the medium. This is a primary duty of all artists in whatever medium they may be working, and it seems the more needful to direct attention to this point, since in developing the command of tone, which is a most valuable attribute of photography, and the power of representing broad effects, there may be danger of neglecting the daintiness of rendering that is a distinctive and charming province of the medium.

From such considerations those who harbour ambitions towards the artistic side of photography, or seek a path to further progress, will not fail to deduce suggestions that should help them to represent Nature in the simplified and purified spirit that is to be looked for in the near future. Having recognised that the exquisiteness of Nature is dependent on her dominating and all-pervading influences, they will see the importance of giving these appropriate expression. Light and atmosphere are among these paramount phenomena, and if they cannot be interpreted, the whole structure of pictorial work becomes unsubstantial and unreal. Colour is another of Nature's pervasive attributes, for we cannot see anything without seeing colour. Hence the modifying influence of colour cannot be neglected if the larger truth is to be translated into monochrome.

Some may think such ideals strain the resources of photography beyond their proper limits. But the war strains all possibilities, and calls for a higher level of

effort. Moreover, it has already been demonstrated, to the satisfaction of those who have watched the marked development of pictorial work in recent years, that photography has a means of dealing with those vital and dominating forces to which reference has been made, and of giving effect to Nature's moods and to the emotions that they evoke in the individual. The medium brings a command of tone, with all its subtle and suggestive variations, to the hand of artistic workers.

It is mainly through tone that the spirit of a subject and the feeling of the artist can be conveyed. Of course there are other factors—decorative or striking composition, skilfully rendered detail, selection, emphasis, and, in a portrait, the characteristic points that strengthen the representation of personality. These are important, but tone is vital. It goes to the root of the subject, and is the life-giving factor. It deals with the light and air in which we have our being, it can suggest the mental cast of a human subject—the atmosphere of cheerfulness, hope, thoughtfulness, or even sorrow, that surround the personality of a sitter. And the general tone of a picture—gay or restful, sombre, delicate or forcible—is what conveys the first impression to the mind of the beholder.

One should not forget the influence of the first glance that takes the work in broadly as a whole, before attention is definitely fixed. If the impression thus hastily gathered is not satisfactory, the visitor to a gallery will often pass on, and in any case the first idea is always difficult to overcome. The chiaroscuro, which is made up of tone-harmonies or contrasts, is appreciated a perceptible time before, and at a greater distance, than any graces of design or penetrating characterisation.

But for tone to be vital it must come through a living medium, it must represent the artist's own perception or feeling. It is an emotional quality, and it cannot be left solely to the instrument, for the camera has no emotions, and is not even invariably precise in its dealings with this important matter. So pure photography often misses the suggestion, poetry, or other essential significance that resides in tone. Such personal control is needful as gives free scope to the artist's ideas. If he neglects this responsibility, his work may still express the camera, but not individual temperament and imagination.

The artist's impression is one of the things that matter, but as much cannot be said of that of the camera. Respect for the medium is a good thing, but need not be carried to the extreme of accepting its faults as well as its virtues, as is the way of an idolatrous parent in whose eyes the wayward offspring can do no wrong. Love is higher than respect, and love guides, helps, controls and corrects; if it does none of these things it is but a flimsy sentiment. Workers in all branches of art should love their medium, but they should love it wisely, and only as a medium, otherwise it will get out of hand, producing disordered results that will surely not respond to the needs of a generation seeking escape from all that is meretricious and not inspired by the simple ideal of truth. This is the aim that photographers should keep in view rather than that of the untouched negative and "straight" print.

One practical way of doing honour to the medium is by brilliantly accomplishing feats that by other means are scarcely to be attempted. Photography can do much that is impossible to the painter or draughtsman. It can catch a butterfly on the wing, fix the lacey pattern of incoming surf, the forms of waves and of scudding clouds with their fleeting shadows on land and sea, and the unstudied

grace and laughter of children at play. It can capture the sparkle of melting hoarfrost in the sun, and shades of momentary expression in the human face. In many other elusive things—in everything, in fact, that is instantaneous and passing—photography is the supreme medium. Much has been done in this way, but mainly for purposes of science. There is no lack of opportunity for the artistic presentation of such flashes of beauty, and this is one of the paths that pictorial photography may take in its further advance.

Meanwhile, to keep in touch with the new motives of civilisation after the war, all the arts, among which photography has established its right to a place, will have to seek out and interpret the abiding realities of life. This is the only safe conclusion. It is a common axiom that human nature does not change, but the point of view certainly does undergo great changes, and, with it, tastes, habits, morals and many other characteristic manifestations of human nature. No doubt a great upheaval is required to bring about any very marked and sudden alteration, for the process is normally gradual; but we are now confronted with the greatest upheaval that the world has seen. Whatever it may bring in its train, those who pursue the arts are on sure ground if they concern themselves with the deep and permanent truths, and make them the basis for such decorative embroideries or original experiments as have sometimes clamoured for recognition on their own account. Portraiture will always be a leading function of photography, and the improvement that has been effected in this branch is patent enough to anyone who compares the best modern work with the albums he may have stowed away. But portraiture can go further still in its primary function as an expression of life. It can give still more attention to temperament, mentality, habitual bearing, and all the things that reveal character, to the tell-tale attributes of hands and their value as accents, to natural atmosphere, which is necessary to the suggestion of life, and, as previously remarked, to the tone that implies a mood. There is still opportunity for the decorative arrangement that is now so much favoured. It is a tribute to beauty, and beauty is one of the permanent things that matter.

Hence graceful design (not meaningless ornamentation) is a vital quality that should have a place in all artistic photography. In landscape, nature often provides the decorative theme, but in any case it can emerge, through selection, from the play of natural light and tone, as well as from the general form of earth, trees, and sky. However our outlook may be modified as a result of the war, life must continue to be a main purpose of all pictorial work, and photographers may reflect with satisfaction that they have the means of representing it—otherwise the claim of photography to rank as an art would be without foundation. The sense of life is imparted by the feeling of the artist as expressed in treatment, by truthful rendering of the great influences under which life exists, not the least of which is gravitation, which affects the poise or “movement” of all things. The wind that sways the branches, and the impulses and emotions that stir human beings, are other factors. They are all to be reckoned with among the great underlying truths with which modern pictorial photography is already concerned, and by the continued and zealous study of which, while relying on sincerity of purpose, it will win esteem and prosper in the changed world that we have to look forward to.

THE FUTURE OF PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

By ALVIN LANGDON COBURN



AN artist is a man who tries to express the inexpressible. He struggles and suffers knowing that he can never realise his most perfect ideal. Occasional moments of ecstasy lure him on, but nothing is final in art, it is always progressing and advancing, as man's intelligence expands in the light of more perfect knowledge of himself and the universe.

It is this progress of the arts that has interested me. Where is it leading us? There are the "moderns" in Painting, in Music, and in Literature. What would our grandfathers have said of the work of Matisse, Stravinsky and Gertrude Stein? What *do* our grandfathers say? They hold up their hand in horror, they show their bad manners by scoffing and jeering at something they are too antiquated to understand. It is the revolutionary of to-day, however, who is the "classic" of to-morrow; there is no escaping the ruthless forward march of time.

Yes, if we are alive to the spirit of our time it is these moderns who interest us. They are striving, reaching out towards the future, analysing the mossy structure of the past, and building afresh, in colour and sound and grammatical construction, the scintillating vision of their minds; and being interested particularly in photography, it has occurred to me, why should not the camera also throw off the shackles of conventional representation and attempt something fresh and untried? Why should not its subtle rapidity be utilised to study movement? Why not repeated successive exposures of an object in motion on the same plate? Why should not perspective be studied from angles hitherto neglected or unobserved? Why, I ask you earnestly, need we go on making commonplace little exposures of subjects that may be sorted into groups of landscapes, portraits, and figure studies? Think of the joy of doing something which it would be impossible to classify, or to tell which was the top and which the bottom!

In last year's exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society there was a little group of prints by American workers, mostly entitled "Design"—many of my readers will remember them. They were groups of various objects photographed because of their shape and colour value, and with no thought of their sentimental associations. There were, I believe, tables, golf clubs, portfolios, etc., etc. The idea was to be as abstract as it is possible to be with the camera. Max Weber, the Cubist painter-poet, was responsible for the idea of these designs, and Weber is one of the most sincere artists that it has ever been my good fortune to meet; but of course these experiments in a new direction only met with sneers and laughter—it is always the

same with an innovation in any direction. In his new book, "Essays on Art," Weber says: "To express moods that stir the emotion from within, as does music, the plastic artist, when he conceives of energetic rhythmic interlaced forms or units, should be much more moved than even by music. It is like cementing a thought, or arresting a perfect moment of time, or like giving body to space, or solidity to air, or coloured light to darkness."

How many of us are moved like this in photography? We think of the camera as a rather material means of self-expression—if we think about it at all; but is it really so? Pause for a moment and consider the mysterious quality of light registering itself in sensitised gelatine—all the scientific poetry in the words "latent image." In the days when men were burned at the stake for practising "black magic" the photographer would have been an undoubted victim if it had been invented in those dark times; but now every "nipper" has a "Brownie," and a photograph is as common as a box of matches—perhaps even more so, this being war time! Photography is too easy in a superficial way, and in consequence is treated slightly by people who ought to know better. One does not consider Music an inferior art simply because little Mary can play a scale. What we need in photography is more sincerity, more respect for our medium and less respect for its decayed conventions.

All the summer I have been painting, and so I can come back to photography with a more or less fresh view-point, and it makes me want to shout, "Wake up!" to many of my photographic colleagues. "Do something outrageously bad if you like, but let it be freshly seen." If we go on fishing out our old negatives and making a few feeble prints of them, just as we have been doing for the past ten years, photography will stagnate. I have the very greatest respect for photography as a means of personal expression, and I want to see it alive to the spirit of progress; if it is not possible to be "modern" with the newest of all the arts, we had better bury our black boxes, and go back to scratching with a sharp bone in the manner of our remote Darwinian ancestors. I do not think that we have begun to even realise the possibilities of the camera. The beauty of design displayed by the microscope seems to me a wonderful field to explore from the purely pictorial point of view, the use of prisms for the splitting of images into segments has been very slightly experimented with, and multiple exposures on the same plate—outside of the childish fakes of the so-called "spirit photographs"—have been neglected almost entirely.

As a start I suggest that an exhibition be organised of "Abstract Photography"; that in the entry form it be distinctly stated that no work will be admitted in which the interest of the subject-matter is greater than the appreciation of the extraordinary. A sense of design is, of course all important, and an opportunity for the expression of suppressed or unsuspected originality should prove very beneficial.

You may think what you like about the modern movement in the arts, but the world will never be the same place again. We may disapprove of modernity in art, but we can never go back to Academicism with the smug complacency of yore. The hollowness, the unthinkable dullness of it all, is now only too clearly apparent. And it is my hope that photography may fall in line with all the other arts, and with her infinite possibilities, do things stranger and more fascinating than the most fantastic dreams.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA.

By W. H. PORTERFIELD (Buffalo, U.S.A.)



PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY perhaps more than any other of the pleasurable pursuits has felt the depressing effects of the disturbance which has for the past two years been the all-absorbing topic the world over.

The difficulty in procuring certain chemicals, and the increase in price in all photographic materials, have no doubt been responsible for much of the falling off in the work. This, added to the fact that the average person has been called upon to handle an increased volume in all lines of business, has left little time, as compared to former years, which could be devoted to photography.

It is also obvious to every one who has watched the development of the work since the advent of the "pictorial age," that photography is passing through one of those periods which is characteristic of every branch of artistic endeavour.

Experience has taught us that a perfectly well-defined course exists over which all forms of artistic expression must find their way, and that this course is beset with obstacles of great variety; that there are heights of success and times of depression and reaction to encounter, that opposition must be overcome and prejudice replaced by enlightenment.

At present, pictorial photography in the United States seems to be passing through one of these stages, and while the new enthusiast deplores the absence of the numerous shows which heretofore constituted the weather-gauge of photography, the veteran in the business looks over and beyond to-day, and sees a revived future not only possible, but most probable, and is contented to quietly prepare against the time when the inevitable revival begins.

There is no intention on the part of the writer to convey the impression that the energetic pictorialist is without opportunity to show his work; there are annually a number of most creditable exhibitions held in various parts of the country.

It is conceded by all, however, that the Pittsburg Salon offers the most attractive features, and is the most direct avenue through which meritorious work may find recognition.

The 1916 Salon, held in Pittsburg in March of that year, has been acknowledged by critics to be the equal—if not the superior—of all former exhibitions held in the United States.

Detailed accounts of the show appeared in several magazines immediately after the close of the show, and beyond the above reference no further mention need be made here.

Just as in former years when new plans were put into operation, it is expected to add to the same this year, and the committee are now at work on several features which are intended to work to the advantage of members, and at the same time strengthen the Salon in all parts of the States.

Never since the inception of the Salon has the idea of nationalization been overlooked, and it is the constant endeavour of the management to extend its radius of influence wherever promising material is suspected to exist.

If the progress made in the past two years may be taken as an indication of what will happen in the next two, it is safe to predict that practically every pictorialist of merit will be a contributor to the Salon, and that the committee will have an abundance of material from which to pick Salon members.

Aside from the interest which every worker should feel in the advancement of pictorialism, there is the additional one of patriotism, for it seems that to our country is given the task of maintaining the status of the art, and when the work of emancipation is completed by our brothers in Europe, they, returning to the pursuits of peace, will find the light still burning in America.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN SCANDINAVIA

By HENRY BUERGEL GOODWIN (Stockholm)



WE note that the present account of goings-on in the Scandinavian camp this year will strike is most appropriately suggested by a simile which, in the place and at the time of writing, daily, or rather nightly, occurrences provide—the report of explosions. When the little steamer which connects my far-off island with the madding crowd brings the Stockholm papers in the evening of the following day, those who are hungry for news learn whether it was a Russian torpedo, Teuton guns, or a neutral mine that made itself heard, at such fabulous distances, and interrupted our sleep, or what greater values than a night's rest have been attacked. The simile is justified by the writer's outlook on the paramount cause of liberty as well as on our pigmy cause of pictorialist progress: these irregular motor explosions in the overtaxed European machinery are foreboding such necessary overhauling of its very principles of construction as will re-establish the unpractical man, artist and scientist, in their right places.

No fear, therefore. Let it be thus—a report of explosions. Occasional misfires, stray detonations could not pass unnoticed at meetings of the professional *Fotografernas Förbund* in the years 1914 and '15, of which reports were given. We must now no longer conceal a strong pacific tendency in these former reports, as this present one will disclose the pitiful mess the explosions made of the pictorialist campaign among the profession. At the annual meeting in March, 1916, the tension exceeded the faculties of cohesion. Appearances were kept up, parliamentary fashion, and if appearances only were consulted there is no reason why the *Förbund* should not enjoy perfect health under the management of a council forced on the society by a proletariat majority. The Professional—with a capital "P"—obviously and professedly prefers to live *on* the proceeds of his profession to endeavours *for* its evolution and emolument. It seems to have the sanction or encouragement of men of previously higher claims, that the new secretary, in an address introductory to tips on retouching and—expressly so!—embellishing of portraits, implies a warning against such snares and humbug as our practical and theoretical demonstrations of art principles. Only a year ago Mr. Ture Sellman read, to the same gathering which applauded such insinuations, his most interesting and spiritual paper on "Photographic Art" (with examples chosen from last year's "Photograms"). Poor benighted amateur!

But we must proceed to relate the workings of this explosion. John Hertzberg, who would have none of it when certain narrow-minded restrictions of members' qualifications were to be made law, saw fit to resign his post as vice-president—nay, even his membership; but, most important of all, his editorship and connection with the journal, "*Svenska Fotografen*," which to a great extent was his own creation. A better qualified and more disinterested leader and member no body of photographers has ever boasted of possessing. His services are now engaged as lecturer in practical and theoretical photography at the Technical High School of Stockholm. In this capacity, as well as in that of editor of a new Scandinavian Journal of Photography ("*Nordisk Tidskrift för Fotografi*"), he will freely exercise his influence and collect as in a focus all the many ideal photographic interests in the European North alive among an increasing number of amateurs and a few *rareæ aves* among the younger generation of professionals.

John Hertzberg's manly attitude when he saw that members' rights were at stake inspired several of the most active members of the council to follow suit. Two of the keenest workers and believers in pictorialism left the *Förbund*, and the representative of the Uppsala Photographic Society (of which more below) followed the example of the present writer, and retired from the editorial staff of the journal.

In consequence of these fundamental alterations on our horizon, new constellations of a very favourable kind were formed. First and foremost, the little Scandinavian exhibition at the "A. P. Little Gallery," London, brought our few pictorialists into contact with what we provincials in European art matters like to style "the Big World." The second, of a similar kind and consequence, was the successful amateur exhibition in Stockholm, which, by invitation of the Moscow Amateurs' Club, was dispatched to Russia. Both Danish and Russian invitations to send our London collection to the respective capitals are being taken into consideration.

We can safely prophesy now that a Scandinavian sister institution to the London Salon will constitute itself, consisting of only those few pictorialists we have. The number of members will solely increase by election according to claims proved on exhibitions, and our energies will be chiefly devoted to exchange of collections. It has already been proved that we are not here dealing with great expectations only. The Stockholm Society, Fotografiska Föreningen, has lately, during the secretaryship of Ture Sellman, established its prestige by the valuable work shown by beginners like Dr. Ivar Thulin, a clever portraitist, and I. Hasselquist, while in older members like M. A. Ch. Tisell, Alfred Valentin, and E. Schæffer, according to as severe a critic as Ture Sellman, pictorialist ambitions have been awakened and proved successful.

Among our most remarkable Baltic exhibitors of 1914 I have mentioned in a previous article Uno Falkengren, a pupil of Hertzberg and devotee of Perscheid. He is now manager of the studio of the largest warehouse in Scandinavia. Nordiska Kompaniet has this year moved to new premises which, in proportion to the population of the country and the size of its capital, are bigger than Whiteley's, Harrod's and Selfridge's shops rolled into one. It witnesses to the great enterprising faculties of the company's directors that they opened, not one, but three studios: a cheap, quick-feed-cannon business of the well-known American type, an ordinary carte-de-visite and cabinet concern, and a pictorial studio, Falkengren's own, turning out nothing under 7 by 5 prints at prices harmonising with the charges of another pictorial studio, only half a year older, which, since it was the first of its kind in these parts, I made bold to mention among the items of pictorial progress in 1915.

A few remarks on Uppsala Fotografiförening will appropriately conclude this report. This society is as old as the Stockholm society, having celebrated its quarter-century. It has had its share in the rousing of higher ambitions. Nearly all the great scientists at this "Oxford in Thule"—the optician Gullstrand, the physicist Aongstroem, to mention those of the greatest wide-world fame—have been on the list of members, and lectured at meetings of students of science. The former secretary, Dr. Arvid Odencrantz, is now docent of physics with photographic photometry as his special subject. It was on his initiative that, in 1905, quite a respectable exhibition was brought together, and prizes for technical skill were awarded. Pictorialism did at that time win but a second prize. It was, in fact, neither aimed at nor practised in Uppsalabefore Dr. Ivor Nordlund showed his artistic specimens of architectural and landscape work. Under Nordlund's secretaryship Ture Sellman read his memorable paper on "Controlled and Straight Prints" reprinted in *The Amateur Photographer* in 1915, and the present writer was invited to exhibit in Uppsala and to lecture there on "The Photographic Portrait." Besides Nordlund's, only one name, that of Mr. Walldow, has appeared to support claims to pictorial merit.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN HOLLAND

By F. L. VERSTER

(Secretary, Ned. Club voor Fotokunst, Amsterdam)



HERE is nothing worse than a standstill, nothing more dangerous. Dutch pictorial photography is in this very dangerous state. It is handicapped very severely. The trade cannot supply the materials wanted, or only at prices very much advanced, and the present conditions of the international traffic prevent almost any taking part in foreign shows.

Our great feature has always been to exchange collections with foreign societies, and to send to exhibitions abroad. Specially in the last few years the relations with foreign societies have been greatly increased, but the war prevents us from doing much at present.

This year only one club collection has been sent to the Dutch East Indies, and one has been exchanged with Copenhagen—which is of course very little in comparison with former years. The number of photographic societies being few, there is not much opportunity for exhibition at home.

Owing to the present conditions only a few shows of lesser importance have been held during this year.

Our great pictorialists are working steadily on, they produce what they should produce—they are on that level that nothing could stop them. The London Salon only shows very little of their work.

The country itself keeps her charm and her typical picturesqueness. The Dutch artist, although acquainted with it, cannot help seeing it, he cannot help reproducing it; but he makes his negatives, he makes his trial prints, and only now and then he finishes off his work. What is there to invite him to create? What is there to help him to create?

If the war lasts much longer a great number of workers surely will have lost their ambition; but should the war end within a reasonable time, Holland will make remarkable progress. All that is latent now will come to a new life, and the foreign exhibitions will see much that is good, full of artistic feeling, and great in conception. The trouble that fills the world is felt in Holland as well, and puts its stamp on its art.

The photographic paper, *Focus*, is growing steadily. Mr. Boer's work is appreciated by all who know him, and many are his collaborators. He works very conscientiously, and is a great help to many of Holland's workers.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN SPAIN

By JOSE ORTIZ ECHAGUE (Madrid)



URING the last two years a very interesting series of artistic manifestations have taken place in Spain. The National Exhibition of Painting, Sculpture, and Engraving was, in the unanimous opinion of the critics, the best we have seen for many years. Subsequently the painters, Zuloaga, Anglada, and Moises Beltran, each organised exhibitions of their own personal works.

Photography, still ranking at a very inferior level of art, could not continue to remain shamefully hidden, and the photographic section of the Circle of Fine Arts, in July, 1915, organised an exhibition of photographic art, instituting important prizes. The exhibition, opened by His Majesty Don Alfonso, was a complete success.

Unquestionably it suffered from defects of organisation and, above all, installation, because the jury, in its wish not to suppress promising artistic aspirations, was not exceedingly strict in its admission of works, so that the excessive number of the latter caused them to be crowded on each other, instead of distributing them over a sufficiently wide space.

Prizes were awarded in the first and second places to Messrs. Armengol and Jimeno respectively in the portraiture section; to Ortiz Echague and Carlos Inigo in the figure section; to Zarate and Perez Oliva in composition; to Renon and Miranda in landscape; Tinoco and Claveria in architecture; Vilana, Redondo, Lozano, and Quirago in plain and stereoscopic polychromes; and Mallat and Puntas in stereoscopes.

It is not my purpose to offer a criticism of this exhibition, as it would present no interest to the readers of "Photograms," unless I at the same time gave a reproduction of the work of these artists. Suffice it to say that the work submitted by the majority of them was produced by processes such as that of fatty inks, *raporté*, gum and carbon.

One of the most meritorious and best known photographic artists of the Paris Salon, M. Savignac, of whose work an excellent specimen was produced in "Photograms for 1912," was declared *hors concours* on the strength of his being a foreigner. M. Savignac is a South American, and this fact, together with his fifteen years' residence in Spain, was sufficient for us to regard him as a compatriot; but no doubt these circumstances were unknown to the jury, and M. Savignac withdrew his work. The latter is of positive merit, because, apart from the fact that the majority of the subjects are very well chosen, they are treated with exceptional mastery of the oil process of which this artist has complete command.

In order to enable Madrid amateurs to get acquainted with these works, I organised, together with M. Savignac, an exhibition at our Royal Photographic Society, which was fairly well visited.

The Royal Photographic Society also organised another exhibition for amateurs below eighteen years of age, which was very interesting as showing the tendencies and aspirations of youth.

Finally, an exhibition of mounting photography was held, in which Messrs. Prats and Gonzalez were the best exhibitors.

Together with these indications of activity, which have the drawback that they are not persistent (as the only body capable of giving them series form, our Royal Photographic Society, does not undertake the organisation of the annual Salon), we must regret the suspension of the review, "La Fotografia," which had been brought to such a high level by its director and owner, M. Prats. It is to be presumed that the causes of this suspension are temporary, and that we shall shortly see it reappear.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN PORTUGAL

By VISCOUNT DE SACAVEM

(President of the Portuguese Photographical Society)



It was about the year 1886 that the art of picture making with the camera began to be known amongst us. Paulo Plantier, an artist and goldsmith—a man well known by all the elegant and talented society of that epoch—had the courage to exhibit in his shop windows, among rich jewels that he sold, likenesses and landscapes, "fious," thick fogs, gummed on rough and strange cardboards that irritated and puzzled the Lisbon citizens.

In those likenesses one could not count the brilliants on the medals that hung from the sitters' watch-chains, nor easily distinguish the fabric of the coat the citizen wore.

This was our first step.

Twenty years later Arnaldo Fonseca came and gave a new and skilful impulse to photographic art; a great photographic exhibition of various kinds was organised. In 1900 the *Review Photographic Bulletin* was published by the firm of Worm & Rosa, whose director was Arnaldo Fonseca; already there were many amateurs who dedicated themselves to various styles of photography. But, unfortunately, in a short time discouragement came, through the want of perseverance so characteristic of our race.

In 1910 there suddenly appeared a light to illuminate the photographic art. A new exhibition was organised, being exclusively of pictorial works. It was organised by

Prof. Annibal Bettencourt, President of the P. P. S.; Dr. Affonso Lopes Vieira; Messrs. Maria da Conceição de Lemos Magalhães, Alfred Black, and Julio Worm. It then appeared that pictorial photography was going to have a large number of promoters, considering the great number of exhibitors—amongst them, some very enthusiastic ones. Mr. Alfred Black exhibited for the first time “bromoils,” etc.

In 1914, with Pedro Lima's bichromated gums, and with my bromoils, oils, and transfers (which, I believe, were the first that were made in Portugal), I organised an exhibition in the P. P. S. Hall that was well received by the public, to the degree of encouraging M. Pedro Lima to open a studio in the Avenida da Liberdade, where he makes bromoil transfers. In 1915 M. B. dos Santos Leitão, the proprietor of the *Revista Photographica*, exhibited in the P. P. S. Hall some bromoils of very large dimensions, which were quickly sold at high prices. In that same year, in one of Papellaria Progresso's windows, in rua do Ouro, I had a small exhibition of bromoils, oils, and transfers, together with Dr. Brum do Canto, one of the directors of the review, *Echo Photographico*, and the photographs exhibited in the windows induced many people to stop and look at them. It was with that object that the exhibition was made, so that the public might interest itself more in this kind of work, but I do not mean to say that many people interested themselves in pictorial photography, because these subtleties are only understood by the artists, by the *élite* who comprehend vague and indefinite things, who find enchantment in the twilight hours, with its soft lights and strange colours, reflection of the soul and mind, and not of the body and its substance.

I well remember often hearing the great artist, Raphael Bordallo Pinheiro, with whom I had the pleasure of associating, say that, before he began a drawing, when he stood in front of the blank sheet of white paper, it was then that he had the greatest pleasure, because he saw drawn on it all he wished. To delight his eyes, it was not even necessary for him to see the outline.

In our country, working regularly in pictorial photography, we have about twelve amateurs and one or two professionals. I, as a lover of pictorial photography, and as a P. P. P. S., cannot, nor ought to, criticise pictorial works, nor even give a list of the names of the artists, because I might forget some one, through not knowing him, and I well know how disagreeable it is, and painful, to be forgotten when one works for art, and for art alone.





AZIZ.

By ANGUS BASIL (LONDON).



HANAKO.

By MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT (LONDON).



A STREET IN FALAISE.

By J. H. ANDERSON (LONDON).



A DECORATIVE STUDY.

By R. BELFIELD (LONDON).



FACES

By LUCIEN DAVERNAY (FRANCE).



AT THE ART HALL.

BY TURE SELLMAN (SWEDEN).



AN ORIENTAL BEAUTY IN THE NORTHLAND.

BY P. PRAMM (SWEDEN).



A JAPANESE FANTASY.

By SHERRIL SCHELL (LONDON).



UMBRELLAS.

By ALVIN LANGDON COBURN¹⁸⁷⁴ (LONDON).



THE FOUNTAIN.

BY LOUIS A. GOETZ (SAN FRANCISCO, U.S.A.)



MAX BEERBOHM, ESQ. (WITH APOLOGIES TO ALL CONCERNED.)

By FILSON YOUNG (LONDON).



DURHAM CATHEDRAL—AISLE AND FONT.
By FREDERICK H. EVANS (LONDON).



AN OLD MILL.

By J. M. WHITEHEAD (ALVA).



SUNLIGHT IN A LONDON SQUARE.

By A. H. BLAKE (LONDON).



PORTE DE SAN PEDRO, AVILA.

By CONDE DE LA VENTOSA (SPAIN)



THE STABLEYARD.

By JAMES MCKISSACK (GLASGOW)



IN A WEST COAST HARBOUR.

By W. THOMAS (LONDON.)



BALANCE.

By MRS. AMBROSE RALLI (LONDON).



A NORMANDY TOWN

By
ROBERT DEMACHY
France]



HEAD OF A PIERRETTE.

BY HUGH CECIL. (LONDON).



THE JAPANESE BLIND.

By HAROLD CAZNEAUX (NEW SOUTH WALES).



"DON'T WORRY."

By BERTRAM PARK (LONDON).



THE TAJ MAHAL: DAWN.

By GASCOIGNE LYNDE (INDIA)



A GLIMPSE.

By ENG. COMMDR. E. J. MOWLAM, R.N. (SOUTHSEA).



EMIGRANTS.

By HORACE JACKSON (CHINA).



Mlle. RAMBERT AS VIRGIN OF INTERCESSION—"DONA NOBIS PACEM."
By MRS. M. PEARSON (LONDON).



PROCESSION AU VILLAGE.

BY DR. S. BRICARELLI (ITALY).





BY THE LOCHSIDE.

BY HECTOR MURCHISON (LONDON)



"WITH GENTLY GROWING GLEAM."

By K. MATSURA (JAPAN).



DANCE.

By Mrs. CHARLES S. HAYDEN (MARYLAND, U.S.A.)



CLOSE OF AN AUTUMN DAY.

By RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JUN. (NEW YORK)



GOLDEN LIGHT.

By PAUL L. ANDERSON (EAST ORANGE, U.S.A.)



UNDINE.

BY HERBERT LAMBERT (BATH).



MELODY OF MORN.

By W. S. WHITE (AUSTRALIA).



FEAST OF LANTERNS—FULL MOON, SHANGHAI

BY F. E. HODGES (SHANGHAI).



SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

BY C. CROWTHER (JAPAN).



THE DUST OF AGES (EXCAVATIONS AT THEBES).

By THE EARL OF CARNARVON.



LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

By
WALTER BENINGTON
(London)



L'INTIMITÉ.

By RICHARD POLAK (HOLLAND).



SACHA.

By Miss WILLIAMINA PARRISH (St. Louis, U.S.A.)



THE NET.

By J. B. B. WELLINGTON (ELSTREE).



BONA DEA.

By MORGAN HEISKELL (ITALY).



“WHAT’S UP?”

By MARCUS ADAMS (READING).



"Not hesitating to fly in every kind of weather, they have
remained undaunted throughout."
(Commander-in-Chief's Dispatches.)

BY MAJOR COLIN CAMPBELL (LONDON).



BESSEMER CONVERTERS.

BY H. C. TORRANCE (PITTSBURGH, U.S.A.)



CHILD PORTRAIT GROUP.

By A. KEITH DANNATT (SURBITON).



THE WITCHES' CAULDRON.

BY ALEX. KEIGHLEY (STEETON).



THE CALL OF THE SEA.

By ARTHUR F. KALES (CALIFORNIA).



BENDING TO THE BLAST.

By W. H. PORTERFIELD (BUFFALO, U.S.A.)



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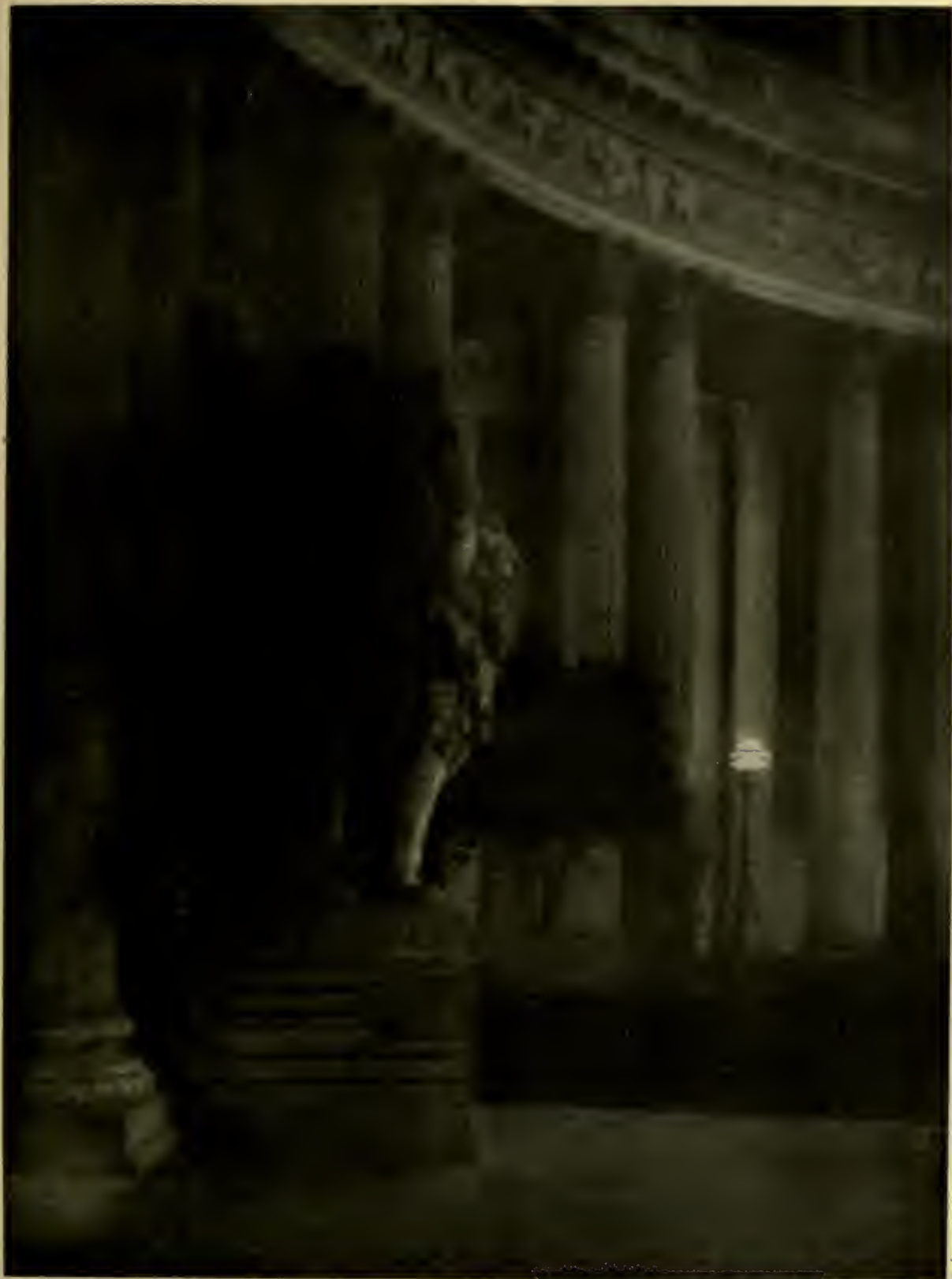
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BY IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM PARTRIDGE (SEATTLE, U.S.A.)



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MME. YVETTE GUILBERT.

By Miss ALICE BOUGHTON (NEW YORK)



THE SNOW-CAPPED TEMPLE.

BY S. SABA (JAPAN).



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BY UNO FALKENGREN (SWEDEN).



DANCING NUDE.

By EDWARD H. WESTON, (CALIFORNIA).



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By C. J. MERFIELD (MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA).



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THE PURSE OF

FORTUNATUS. By M. NESBIT.

EVERY child and every grown-up is familiar with that most alluring of fairy stories, Prince Fortunatus and His Magic Purse. How it was never empty. How it was always handy at the right moment, and how, whenever the fortunate owner wanted to give alms, pay a bill, or buy anything he just fancied, there was the right amount that he wished for in the purse. Fancy having a purse like that in these hard times! Fancy being able to get those little things you want so badly but which have to be forgone because you haven't the money and must economise. Fancy—but stop! Is it fancy? Has it ever occurred to you that you have a Purse of Fortunatus? You have a camera. You have negatives. You can make prints.

One's desires, alas, nowadays, must all too frequently be subservient to one's purse. In my own case many desires have been quelled by necessity, and it was not until I realised that my camera was indeed a Purse of Fortunatus that many possibilities were made probabilities, and probabilities were made certainties. Once having had the right course pointed out to me, the road became clear and difficulties vanished. So soon as I was convinced that photographs were wanted by the papers and that the papers were prepared to pay for them, my camera and my stock of negatives took on a different aspect in my eyes. Two years ago my eyes were opened. How, I will tell you how later, but in the meantime I will relate just one of the ways by which I turned my plates and films into cheques and Treasury notes.

A preliminary overhaul of my negatives did not seem to disclose much that could be called strictly topical. Yet I soon discovered that there were many that could be made topical, and there were many records of happy holiday grounds of the past. Subjects that were concerned with the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, were also separated, and so on with a variety of other subjects that I had discovered could be turned to account when the right time arrived.

I then made prints. But here I must say at once that I realised that anyone who attempts to make money with his camera, in the way that I have, must go about the job in a businesslike manner. I do not mean by this that he must make a business of the work, to the neglect of his other vocations—far from it. But he must bear in mind that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. I therefore decided that my prints should be as perfect as I could make them, and, moreover, they should be presented in the manner which I had discovered would make them appeal to the attention of the editors who would see them.

These prints, some of them small enlargements on glossy bromide paper, were all carefully trimmed and properly labelled with a full description, and my name and address. A deliberate onslaught on a plan prepared for me was then made on the illustrated press generally.

About half a dozen prints were chosen for each selected paper, and when all was ready they were sent the rounds. At first, before I fully realised the idea I had been told to work out, many came back, but some were accepted, and regularly for a month I sent a series every week.

I then took stock. Twelve packets each week at threepence per packet meant twelve shillings in the month. As the prints doubled their parts, those that were returned were repacked and sent in another direction. The total cost of printing material was therefore less than a pound.

In the first round five prints were accepted at half a guinea apiece. My total outlay for the month, therefore, was well covered. During the other three weeks the average of acceptances increased, and at the end of the first month I was ten

pounds in pocket. It was not until six weeks later that I was able to spare the time to make another batch of prints and repeat the process, with even better results. The pictures were altered to suit the seasons, and were added to from new negatives of

subjects that I learnt were good sellers, and in some cases combination printing, such as the addition of clouds to otherwise plain skies over certain subjects, helped to sell the pictures to those papers that took non-topical stuff.

The ambition to make a definite sum for a certain purpose—no less than one hundred and twenty guineas—now became a fixed idea in my mind. In less than two years the sum was made and my object was achieved, but my eyes having been opened to the possibilities of my Fortunatus Purse, it is not likely that the lessons learnt and the experience gained will be thrown away. The path was too pleasant and the reward too tempting to abandon the journey.

You may ask how the idea to apply my amateur photographic knowledge to a definite and remunerative purpose first arose. The course of instruction given by the Practical Correspondence College of 15, Thanet House, Strand, W.C., was the key that unlocked the golden gate and enabled me to find such treasure-trove among my negatives.

When I think of the vast stores of negatives that must be in the cupboards of the amateurs of this country, I am convinced that it only needs a little instruction of the right kind to turn them into cash. To all amateur photographers, therefore, who read these lines, I can give this advice. Write to Mr. Vincent Lockwood of the P.C.C. at the above address, send him six of your prints, tell him your photographic experience, and ask for a criticism of the prints and particulars of the postal course of instruction. He will advise you in his reply as to your prospects, and I am convinced that if you possess a Purse of Fortunatus he will find it and help to open it for you.

Until you have proved for yourself the truth of what I have told you, you may not believe that editors really desire, and pay for, photographs from amateur photographers. But they do!

Every editor of a picture paper needs such photographs, and his appetite for them is insatiable. The editor of a picture paper, for instance, may be full up with short stories or articles, and often puts in little notes begging authors not to send in any more, but you never see paragraphs asking people not to send in any more photographs! No, he can't get enough pictures of the kind he wishes to publish.

The purse exists right enough. Can it become *yours*? Some amateur photographers have discovered this purse, and keep mighty quiet about it, because they want to make it yield all the half-guineas they can. Literally hundreds of pounds are paid out every week in reproduction fees for photographs, there is no reason why there shouldn't be twice as many free-lance press photographers in the field.

People who do not see many illustrated papers and journals have no idea what a lot they could do in this direction, even in a period like the present. The camera may have been laid aside, but what does that matter? You have plenty of negatives stowed away in boxes, and dozens of subjects are probably saleable if you only know which to print and send in.

Gaslight and bromide paper is cheap enough, and you can probably make enough gaslight prints during the next few months to earn more money from photography than you have ever spent on your hobby. Isn't it worth while to prove your own ability by submitting six prints for a free criticism? The Purse of Fortunatus is so valuable in these days of high prices and heavy taxation.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE :	
"THE TRAIL OF THE HUNS." By F. J. MORTIMER, F.R.P.S.	---
THE YEAR'S WORK	3
By THE EDITOR	
OBSERVATIONS ON SOME PICTURES OF THE YEAR	10
By W. R. BLAND	
ESSENTIAL AIMS IN PHOTOGRAPHIC ART	19
By ANTONY GUEST	
THE FUTURE OF PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY	23
By ALVIN LANGDON COBURN	
PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA	25
By W. H. PORTERFIELD	
PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN SCANDINAVIA	26
By HENRY BUERGEL GOODWIN	
PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN HOLLAND	29
By F. L. VERSTER	
PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN SPAIN	30
By J. ORTIZ ECHAGUE	
PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN PORTUGAL	31
By VISCOUNT DE SCAVEM	
PICTURES OF THE YEAR	Plates I to LXVII
INDEX TO TITLES	9
INDEX TO AUTHORS' NAMES	13



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INDEX TO TITLES

TITLE	AUTHOR	PLATE
"A FACE OF MEMORIES AND A HEART OF PAIN"	H. Yahagi (Japan)	LIV
ARIZONA LANDSCAPE, AN	Forman Hanna (Arizona, U.S.A.)	LXVI
AT THE ART HALL	Ture Sellman (Sweden)	VI
AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD	H. Mortimer-Lamb (Canada)	LXIV
AZIZ	Angus Basil (London)	I
BALANCE	Mrs. Ambrose Ralli (London)	XVI
BELLA AND HER MISTRESS	Will Cadby (Borough Green)	XLIV
BENDING TO THE BLAST	W. H. Porterfield (Buffalo, U.S.A.)	XLIII
BESSEMER CONVERTERS	H. C. Torrance (Pittsburgh, U.S.A.)	XXXIX
BONA DEA	Morgan Heiskell (Italy)	XXXVII
BY THE LOCHSIDE	Hector Murchison (London)	XXV
CALL OF THE SEA, THE	Arthur F. Kales (California)	XLII
CHILD PORTRAIT GROUP	A. Keith Dannatt (Surbiton)	XL
CLOSE OF AN AUTUMN DAY	Rudolf Eickemeyer, Jun. (New York)	XXVII
DANCE, THE	Mrs. Charles S. Hayden (Maryland, U.S.A.)	XXVI
DANCING NUDE	Edward H. Weston (California)	LIX
DECORATIVE STUDY, A	R. Belfield (London)	IV
DESIGNER AND DESIGN	Imogen Cunningham Partridge (Seattle, U.S.A.)	LV
"DON'T WORRY"	Bertram Park (London)	XX
DURHAM CATHEDRAL—AISLE AND FONT	Frederick H. Evans (London)	XII
DUST OF AGES, THE	The Earl of Carnarvon	XXXIII
EMIGRANTS	Horace Jackson (China)	XXII
FACES	Lucien Davernay (France)	V
FEAST OF LANTERNS—FULL MOON, SHANGHAI	F. E. Hodges (Shanghai)	XXXI
FOUNTAIN, THE	Louis A. Goetz (San Francisco, U.S.A.)	X
FOUR CHILDREN IN WAR-TIME—THE DAY BEGINS	Carine Cadby (Borough Green)	XLV
GAME, THE	Mr. and Mrs. F. Weston (Plymouth)	LXII
GLIMPSE, A	Eng.-Commadr. E. J. Mowlam, R.N. (Southsea)	XXII
GOD'S LIGHT	S. Bridgen (London)	XLVIII
GOLDEN LIGHT	Paul L. Anderson (East Orange, U.S.A.)	XXVIII
GUARDIAN, THE	W. H. Rabe (California)	LII



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Editorial.

"Knowledge is power," said Francis Bacon.

No bullet shot by mental maxim ever found a truer billet. For now it is quite generally acknowledged that this aphorism of Bacon's is a prime factor in bringing home the succulent breakfast edible that bears his illustrious name.

Carelessness and half-knowledge give way to specialisation and the tests of trial, in these strenuous times. Photographers base their knowledge of wares on scientific principles, those of intimate knowledge of cause, effect, and values.

Consider the press photographer. If any photographer is a specialist it is John Pressman. John knows; because he has to know. Says the Napoleon of the Art Department to John: "Get that picture." And the pressman knows that he has also got to "get that picture" *GOOD*.

So he learns—usually in the university of hard knocks—HOW to "get it good." John's motto, indeed, is that of the early Irish Earls of Altamont: "*Suivez Raison*"—"Follow Reason." John Pressman reasons things out, as he goes. He learns—by hard experience.

And now about an enclosure, with a letter from one of our correspondents, received by us just a few weeks ago:—"I am sending for your perusal half a page out of a letter I received from a friend, a London Press Photographer of long and successful experience. He is a man in whom one can have the greatest faith; therefore I think his words about your plates constitute one of the most powerful testimonials I have ever read concerning dry plates. I may say that this pressman has done every kind of press photography, working as staff photographer for the leading London newspapers. His experiences range from intimate photographs of King Edward VII. and other Royalties to stirring adventures in a famous shipwreck, and work with the army too. You will note he says: 'I have used every plate there is on the market, but where the choice is left to me I take the IMPERIAL SPECIAL RAPID.'"

We reproduce the remarkable letter on this page—by permission. One does not need to read between its lines; even a student of graphology would say, "Here is an honest man." Note how the good fellow emphasises his statements: "There is no better plate." And again: "It is a big thing to say, but it has never failed me."

But, considering that our Flashlights are the fastest plates there are, don't you think this kindly pressman knows a trick or two of his clever trade, about "coaxing up" a special rapid when its speed has been a bit overworked?

Did you ever develop a plate with the dish on an oil-stove? They do! But what a testimonial for "Imperial S.R." isn't it?

Thank you, Mr. anonymous John Pressman.
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From a Private Letter

As to plates, most workers have their fancy but I must say, & here again, I can say my own experience is corroborated by others there is no better plate than the Imperial Special Rapid. I hold no brief for the B. I don't know any of them & I have never received any favour from them but it's a big thing to say, it's never failed me & I have never had a bad plate & here is a curious point in practice I have found that their Special Rapid plate is quite as fast if not faster than their Flashlight. I have used every plate there is on the market but where the choice is left to me I take Imperial S.R.

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Ask any sincere photographer his opinion of any plate, and if he has never used it his answer must be, "I don't know anything about them: I have never used them much." He will mean that it is impossible to know or judge a plate's real qualities unless you have used it, and used it often.

Labels prove nothing. Advertising proves nothing. Talk proves nothing. You've got to use the plates, and use them often, to get the personal touch—the personal knowledge of the plate's powers and of its actions under all conditions and for all subjects. Buying plates in any other way is blind buying.

The IMPERIAL idea is that you should go to the nearest dealer and purchase enough Imperial Plates to give you a sound opportunity of getting to know them. For preference and exactitude, expose with the aid of an Imperial Exposure Reckoner or Imperial Exposure Meter—either costs you only 1s., and they give you correct exposures, for any subject, at any time. And then take your plates home, and develop them yourself—preferably by the formulæ on the box, but we don't insist upon that.

And then watch. What a joyously magical thing it is, that "coming up" of the picture on the plate! Have a safe light—and watch! Note the clean, clear, fogless rebates of your negative: observe the beautiful delicacy of gradation—and see that detail! For a moment, against the light, watch the fine-grain detail!

Finally, dear reader, enter into the Imperialist's joy of joys, the plate properly, truly, and fairly developed and fixed; give it a rinse in the water, and out into the light to look at it!

Reader, if you are one of those who know, isn't an Imperial negative something to look at and enjoy?

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To your Dealer, reader! Get the personal touch with Imperials. Oh yes! it will delight you. Quality does count!

TITLE	AUTHOR	PLATE
HANAKO	Malcolm Arbuthnot (London)	II
HEAD OF A PIERRETTE	Hugh Cecil (London)	XVIII
HOME AGAIN	W. R. Bland (Derby)	LXVII
IN A WEST COAST HARBOUR	W. Thomas (London)	XV
IN THE STUDIO	E. T. Holding (Pulborough)	XXIV
JAPANESE BLIND, THE	Harold Cazneaux (New South Wales)	XIX
JAPANESE FANTASY, A	Sherril Schell (London)	VIII
LAKE DISTRICT LANDSCAPE	Ward Muir (London)	XLVI
L'INTIMITE	Richard Polak (Holland)	XXXV
LITTLE CANADIAN GIRL, A	Mrs. Minna Keene (Canada)	LXV
LITTLE GIRL IN A LARGE HAT, A	Mrs. G. A. Barton (Birmingham)	LXII
LOUIS RAEMAEEKERS	Walter Benington (London)	XXXIV
MAX BEERBOHM, ESQ. (With Apologies to All Concerned)	Filson Young (London)	XI
MELODY OF MORN	W. S. White (Australia)	XXX
MLLE. RAMBERT AS VIRGIN OF INTERCESSION—"DONA NOBIS PACEM"	Mrs. M. Pearson (London)	XXIII
MME. YVETTE GUILBERT	Miss Alice Boughton (New York)	LVII
MORNING DRESSING	Sigvart Werner (Denmark)	LXIII
MRS. JESSIE M. KING TAYLOR	Bruce Cameron (Milngavie, N.B.)	LXVI
MY MODELS	Uno Falkengren (Sweden)	LVIII
NET, THE	J. B. B. Wellington (Elstree)	XXXVII
NORMANDY TOWN, A	Robert Demachy (France)	XVII
NORTH PORTAL, UNIVERSITY LIBRARY	Jas. N. Doolittle (San Francisco, U.S.A.)	L
"NOT HESITATING TO FLY IN EVERY KIND OF WEATHER, THEY HAVE REMAINED UNDAUNTED THROUGHOUT."	Major Colin Campbell (London)	XXXIX
NUDE STUDY	Koyo Ogawa (Japan)	LIII
OLD MILL, AN	J. M. Whitehead (Alva)	XIII
ORIENTAL BEAUTY IN THE NORTHLAND, AN	P. Pramm (Sweden)	VII
PICCANINNIES	Jack C. Cato (South Africa)	XLIX
POOL, THE	C. J. Merfield (Melbourne, Australia)	LXIV
PORTE DE SAN PEDRO, AVILA	Conde de la Ventosa (Spain)	XIV
PRIMAVERA AND BEATRICE MARIAGRAETE	H. B. Goodwin (Sweden)	LI
PROCESSION AU VILLAGE	Dr. S. Bricarelli (Italy)	XXIV
PROCESSION EN BOULOGNE	Perez Oliva (Spain)	LXI
PUCKACHIPE AND MEETWEE	Miss Elizabeth R. Allen (New Jersey, U.S.A.)	LX
ROSE DANCE OF THE SOUTH	Louis Fleckenstein (California)	LVI
SACHA	Miss Williamina Parrish (St. Louis, U.S.A.)	XXXVI
SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE	C. Crowther (Japan)	XXXII
SISTERS, THE	Walter Rutherford (Canada)	XLVII
SNOW-CAPPED TEMPLE, THE	S. Saba (Japan)	LVIII

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TITLE	AUTHOR	PLATE
SOLITUDE	Charles Job (Liverpool)	XLV
STABLEYARD, THE	James McKissack (Glasgow)	XV
STILL-LIFE STUDY	Blanche C. Hungerford (Maryland, U.S.A.)	XLVII
STREET IN FALAISE, A	J. H. Anderson (London)	III
SUNLIGHT IN A LONDON SQUARE	A. H. Blake (London)	XIII
TAJ MAHAL, THE : DAWN	Gascoigne Lynde (India)	XXI
THUNDERSTORM, THE	Ivor Nordlund (Sweden)	XLIII
TIMBER COUNTRY IN MIST	Norman C. Deck (New South Wales)	LX
TRAIL OF THE HUNS, THE	F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S. (London)	<i>Frontispiece</i>
UMBRELLAS	Alvin Langdon Coburn (London)	IX
UNDINE	Herbert Lambert (Bath)	XXIX
"WHAT'S UP?"	Marcus Adams (Reading)	XXXVIII
WITCHES' CAULDRON, THE	Alex. Keighley (Steeton)	XLI
"WITH GENTLY GROWING GLEAM"	K. Matsura (Japan)	XXVI
WOODLAND TEMPLE, A	T. H. B. Scott (London)	LIV
YOUTH	J. Ortiz Echague (Spain)	LXI

INDEX TO AUTHORS' NAMES

NAME	REFERENCE	PLATE
ADAMS, MARCUS	17.	XXXVIII
ALLEN, MISS ELIZABETH R.	16.	LX
ANDERSON, J. H.	4, 12.	III
ANDERSON, PAUL L.	14.	XXVIII
ARBUTHNOT, MALCOLM	15.	II
BARTON, MRS. G. A.	17.	LXII
BASIL, ANGUS	17.	I
BELFIELD, R.	15.	IV
BENINGTON, WALTER	17.	XXXIV
BLAKE, A. H.	13.	XIII
BLAND, W. R.	5, 13.	LXVII
BOUGHTON, MISS ALICE	17.	LVII
BRICARELLI, DR. S.	17.	XXIV
BRIDGEN, S.	11.	XLVIII
CADBY, CARINE	15.	XLV

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NAME	REFERENCE	PLATE
CADBY, WILL	17.	XLIV
CAMERON, BRUCE	17.	LXVI
CAMPBELL, MAJOR COLIN	13.	XXXIX
CARNARVON, THE EARL OF	4, 17.	XXXIII
CATO, JACK C.	15.	XLIX
CAZNEAUX, HAROLD	15.	XIX
CECIL, HUGH	4, 15.	XVIII
COBURN, ALVIN LANGDON	7, 13.	IX
CROWTHER, C.	15.	XXXII
DANNATT, A. KEITH	16.	XL
DAVERNAY, LUCIEN.	16.	V
DECK, NORMAN C.	12.	LX
DEMACHY, ROBERT	12.	XVII
DOOLITTLE, JAMES W.	11.	L
ECHAGUE, J. ORTIZ	15, 30.	LXI
EICKEMEYER, RUDOLF, JUNR.	12.	XXVII
EVANS, FREDERICK H.	11, 12.	XII
FALKENGRIN, UNO	16, 28.	LVIII
FLECKENSTEIN, LOUIS	14.	LCVI
GOETZ, LOUIS A.	13.	X
GOODWIN, H. B.	4, 15.	LI
HANNA, FORMAN	13.	LXVI
HAYDEN, MRS. CHARLES S.	14.	XXVI
HEISKELL, MORGAN	14.	XXXVII
HODGES, F. E.	13.	XXXI
HOLDING, E. T.	4, 17.	XXIV
HUNGERFORD, BLANCHE C.	15.	XLVII
JACKSON, HORACE	16.	XXII
JOB, CHARLES	12.	XLV
KALES, ARTHUR F.	16.	XLII
KEENE, MRS. MINNA	17.	LXV
KEIGHLEY, ALEX.	12.	XLI
LAMBERT, HERBERT	17.	XXIX
LYNDE, GASCOIGNE	5, 12.	XXI
MATSURA, K.	13.	XXVI
McKISSACK, JAMES	13.	XV
MERFIELD, C. J.	12.	LXIV
MORTIMER, F. J., F.R.P.S.	5, 11, 18.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MORTIMER-LAMB, H.	14.	LXIV
MOWLAM, ENGR.-COMMDR. E. J., R.N.	13.	XXII

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NAME	REFERENCE	PLATE
MUIR, WARD	13.	XLVI
MURCHISBON, HECTOR	13.	XXV
NORDLUND, IVOR	13, 28.	XLIII
OGAWA, KOYO	15.	LIII
OLIVA, PERCY	17, 30.	LXI
PARK, BERTRAM	15.	XX
PARRISH, MISS WILLIAMINA	16.	XXXVI
PARTRIDGE, IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM	15.	LV
PEARSON, MRS. M.	16.	XXIII
POLAK, RICHARD	17.	XXXV
PORTERFIELD, W. H.	12.	XLIII
PRAMM, P.	15.	VII
RABE, W. H.	11.	LII
RALLI, MRS. AMEROSE	16.	XVI
RUTHERFORD, WALTER	16.	XLVII
SABA, S.	15.	LVIII
SCHELL, SHERRIL	15.	VIII
SCOTT, T. H. B.	11.	LIV
SELLMAN, TURE	11, 27, 28.	VI
THOMAS, W.	4, 13.	XV
TORRANCE, H. C.	12.	XXXIX
VENTOSA, CONDE DE LA	12.	XIV
WELLINGTON, J. B. B.	4, 16.	XXXVII
WERNER, SIGVART	15.	LXIII
WESTON, EDWARD H.	14.	LIX
WESTON, MR. AND MRS. F.	15.	LXII
WHITE, W. S.	14.	XXX
WHITEHEAD, J. M.	12.	XIII
YAHAGI, H.	15.	LIV
YOUNG, FILSON	18.	XI

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